

JANUARY

No. 30

10¢

SMASH COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
COST



ROOKIE RANKIN



BOZO THE ROBOT



ESPIONAGE



JESTER



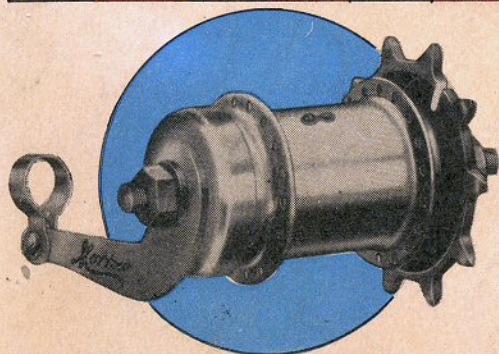
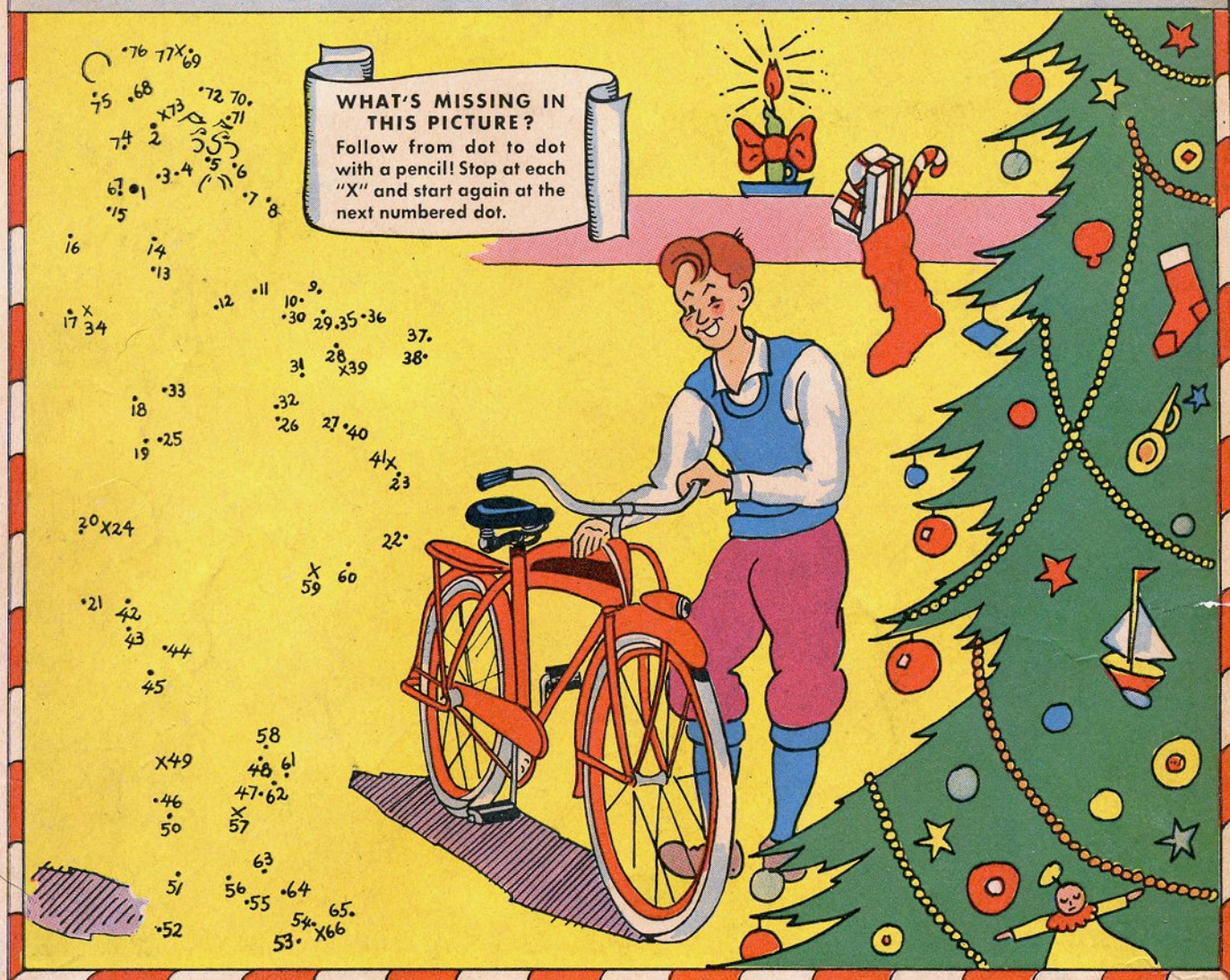
WITH
MIDNIGHT

ASSISTED BY
DOC WACKEY AND GABBY



WEB COMIC
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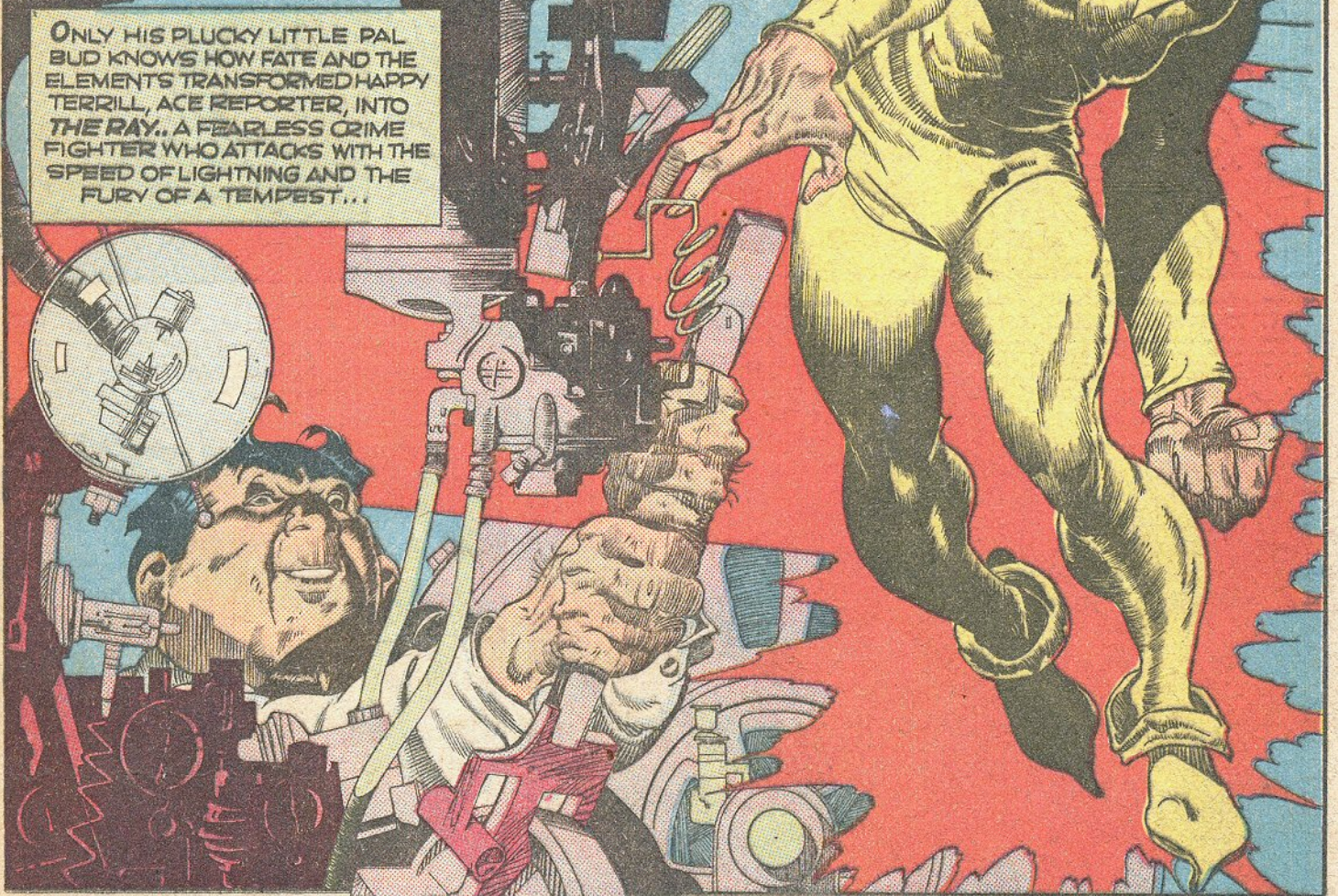
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THE

RAY

BY E.
LECTRON

ONLY HIS PLUCKY LITTLE PAL
BUD KNOWS HOW FATE AND THE
ELEMENTS TRANSFORMED HAPPY
TERRILL, ACE REPORTER, INTO
THE RAY.. A FEARLESS CRIME
FIGHTER WHO ATTACKS WITH THE
SPEED OF LIGHTNING AND THE
FURY OF A TEMPEST...



IN THE EDITOR'S OFFICE OF
"THE STAR," THE CITY'S
BIGGEST NEWSPAPER..

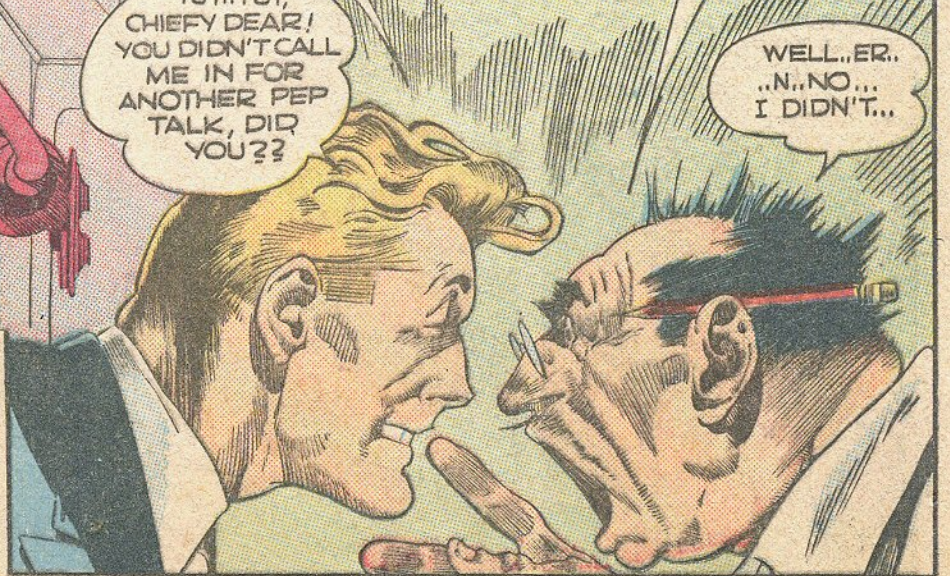
TERRILL!!
HAPPY
TERRILL!

YES CHIEF?

TUT..TUT,
CHIEFY DEAR!
YOU DIDN'T CALL
ME IN FOR
ANOTHER PEP
TALK, DID
YOU??

LISTEN... IF YOU'D PUT SOME PEP INTO
THOSE BONES OF YOURS YOU'D....

WELL..ER..
..N..NO...
I DIDN'T..



THEN MAKE KNOWN THE ASSIGNMENT- AND TERRILL WILL DO THE REST!



TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT THE ARMY IS GOING TO SECRETLY TEST A NEW DIVE BOMBER!

..IF SUCCESSFUL, IT WILL ATTAIN THE SPEED OF 700 MILES PER HOUR..DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS TO OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE?

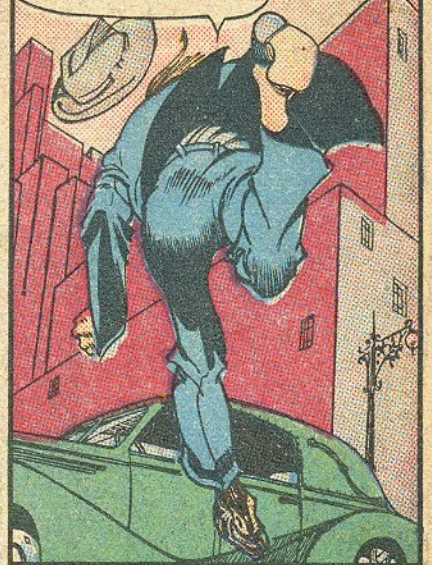


...AND WHAT A STORY!



RIGHT!! NOW SCOOT! AND COME BACK WITH A SCOOP!!

I'LL PICK UP BUD ON MY WAY OUT THERE..HE'D BE SORE AS A BOIL IF I DIDN'T LET HIM IN ON THIS!



AT THE SAME TIME... IN A BURROWED CAVE BENEATH THE TESTING FIELD....

YES, HERR VON RIBBONCOUNTER.. EVERYTHING IS READY!

ARE YOU SURE? IT IS PROVEN THAT THIS NEW PLANE CANNOT FAIL.....

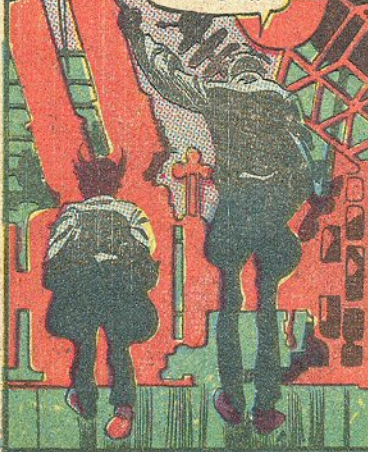


BUT IT *WILL* FAIL !! THESE MAGNETIC GENERATORS WILL CREATE SUCH A "PULL" ON THAT METAL PLANE, THAT IT WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PULL OUT OF THE DIVE, AND IT WILL CRASH INTO THE EARTH!!



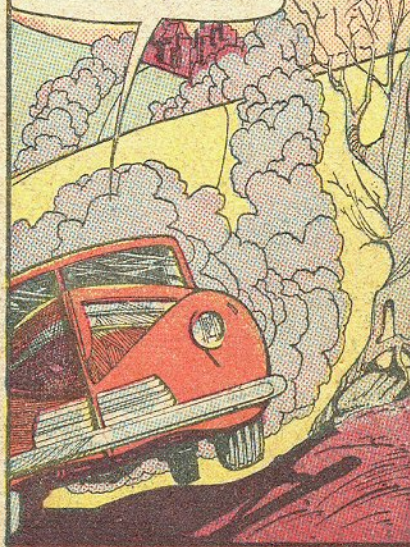
...THEY WILL THINK THE PLANE IS A FAILURE..THEN WE CAN STEAL THE PLANS AND OUR HOMELAND CAN USE THEM TO HELP CONQUER THE WORLD!

DOT'S GOOT, ADOLF. GOOT!!

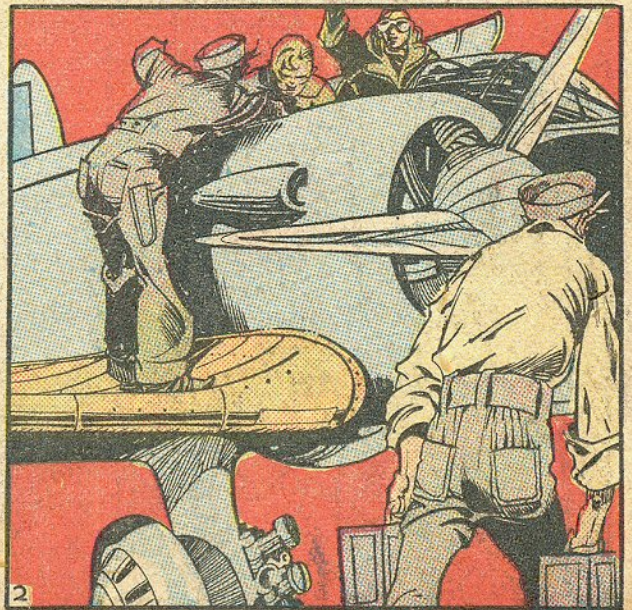


MEANWHILE BUD AND HAPPY SPEED TOWARD THE AIRFIELD..

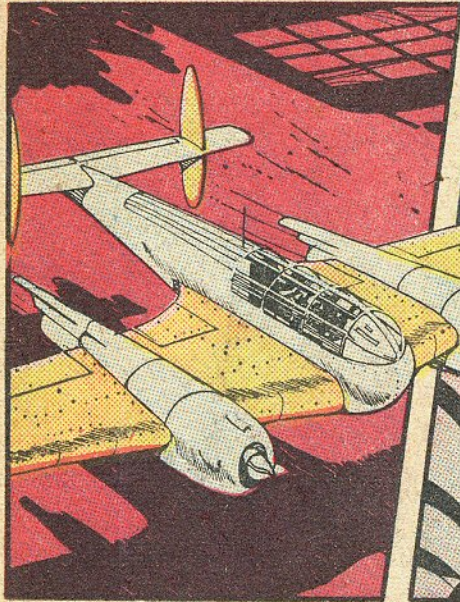
SHAKE IT UP, HAP! IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT!



AT THIS MOMENT THE NEW SPEED DEMON OF THE AIR IS WHEELED ONTO THE FIELD.....



AND A FEW SECONDS LATER THE BIG PLANE TAKES OFF...



AS THE SHIP CLIMBS, THE MAGNETIC GENERATORS ARE SET IN MOTION...



REMEMBER! WHEN THE PLANE STARTS DOWN, THROW ON FULL POWER!

JA!

JUST THEN, HAPPY TERRILL AND BUD JUMP FROM THEIR CAR AND RACE TOWARD THE CROWD.

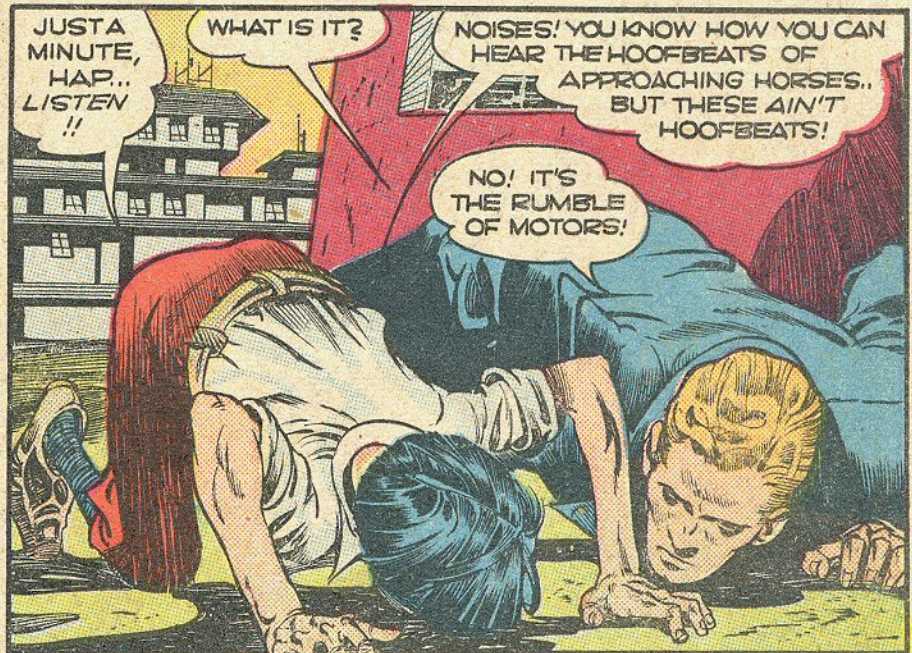


HURRY, HAP!! IT JUST TOOK OFF!



IN HIS HASTE LITTLE BUD TRIPS AND FALLS...

YOU'VE TWO LEFT FEET EH, PAL?



JUST A MINUTE, HAP... LISTEN !!

WHAT IS IT?

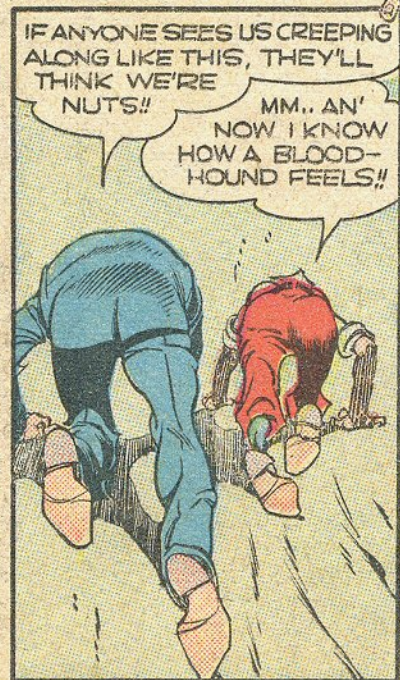
NOISES! YOU KNOW HOW YOU CAN HEAR THE HOOFTBEATS OF APPROACHING HORSES.. BUT THESE AIN'T HOOFTBEATS!

NO! IT'S THE RUMBLE OF MOTORS!



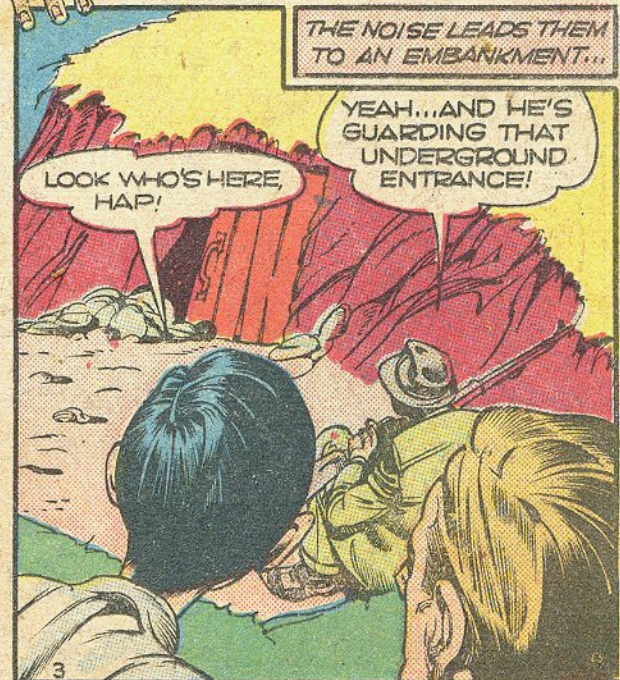
IT GETS PLAINER AS WE GO IN THIS DIRECTION!

YEAH....



IF ANYONE SEES US CREEPING ALONG LIKE THIS, THEY'LL THINK WE'RE NUTS!!

MM.. AN' NOW I KNOW HOW A BLOOD-HOUND FEELS!!



THE NOISE LEADS THEM TO AN EMBANKMENT...

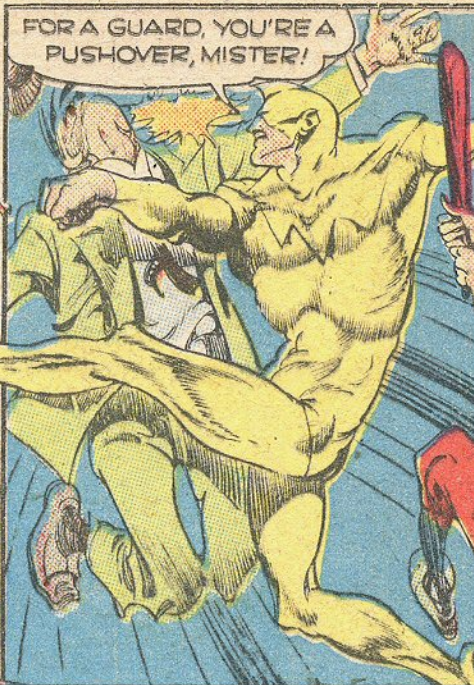
YEAH...AND HE'S GUARDING THAT UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE!

LOOK WHO'S HERE, HAP!

A SWEEPING FIELD LIGHT PASSES OVER TERRILL... AND HE IS NOW TRANSFORMED INTO THE MIGHTY RAY!



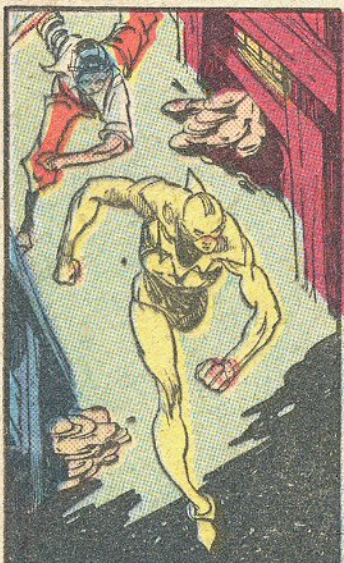
FOR A GUARD, YOU'RE A PUSHOVER, MISTER!



WHEEE!! AN' HERE'S ANOTHER LUMP FER YOUR KOKO!



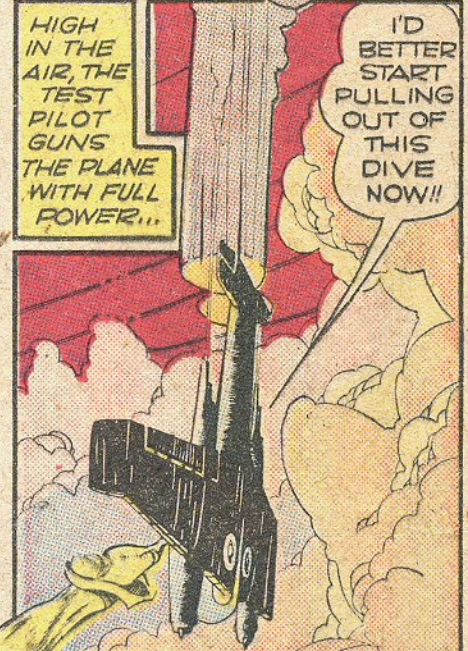
SOON THE RAY AND BUD STREAK DOWN THROUGH THE TUNNEL....



AT THE OTHER END.. ADOLF BELLOWS THE ORDER TO DESTROY THE PLANE...



HIGH IN THE AIR, THE TEST PILOT GUNS THE PLANE WITH FULL POWER...



I'D BETTER START PULLING OUT OF THIS DIVE NOW!!

THE SHIP WON'T RESPOND TO THE CONTROLS.. I'M GOING TO CRASH!!



AND UNDER THE GROUND A TERRIFIC BATTLE RAGES



BUD! PULL THAT SWITCH! STOP THE MOTORS!

NO YOU DON'T, KID!

H..HAP!! HE... GOT... ME...!!



WHILE ABOVE THE SURFACE

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOING TO CRASH!

CALL THE FIRE TRUCK!!

GET AN AMBULANCE!!

BUT, WITH THE GENERATORS NOW SHUT OFF, THE PLANE AGAIN ZOOMS UPWARD WHEN WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE GROUND...

H..HE..HE MADE IT!!

WOW!!

AND BELOW, THE RAY FIGHTS SAVAGELY ON....

YOU RAT! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SHOOT A KID!

IF HE SHOULD DIE I'LL....

HE'S FINISHED! NOW TO LOOK AFTER LITTLE BUD...

... I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!!!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, PAL?

Y..YES.. LOOK, HAP!! THE LEADER! HE'S GETTING AWAY! DON'T LET HIM!!

NEVER MIND HIM- YOU COME FIRST.. HOW DO YOU FEEL?

OKAY, KID... THEN I'LL GET HIM!!

I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU'D GET HIM, HAP- OUR COUNTRY COMES FIRST!

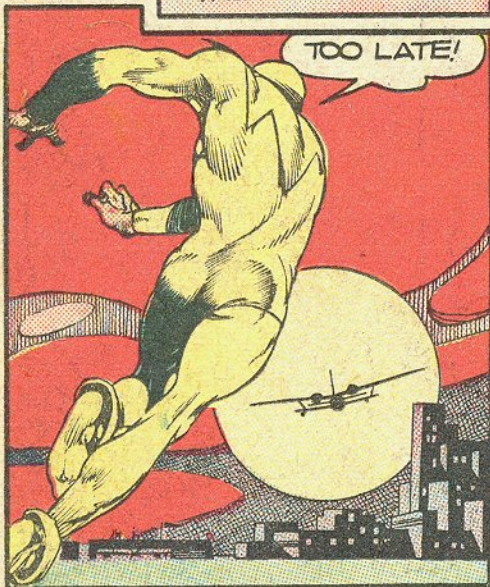
OUTSIDE.. ADOLF AND VON RIBBONCOUNTER SPEAK EXCITEDLY



QUICK! FLY THIS PLANE OUT TO SEA- THERE VILL BE A CRUISER WAITING! THEY VILL TAKE THE PLANS TO THE HOMELAND!



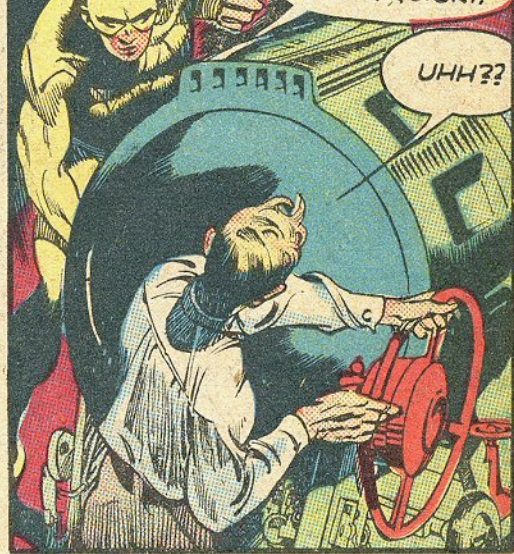
AS THE PLANE SHOOTS INTO THE AIR, THE RAY RUSHES ONTO THE FIELD....



NO OTHER SHIPS AROUND..AND NOT A BEAM OF LIGHT TO AID ME IN THIS PITCH-BLACK NIGHT.. AHH.. THE FIELD LIGHTS !!



HEY FELLA! FOCUS YOUR LIGHT ON THAT PLANE WHICH JUST LEFT! QUICK!!

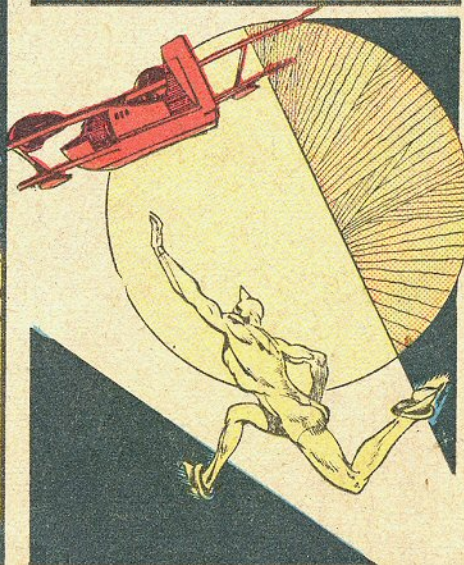


THERE IT IS!

GOOD! KEEP PLAYING ON IT TILL I GET UP THERE!



AND THE RAY RACES UP THE LIGHT BEAM TOWARD THE FLEEING PLANE...

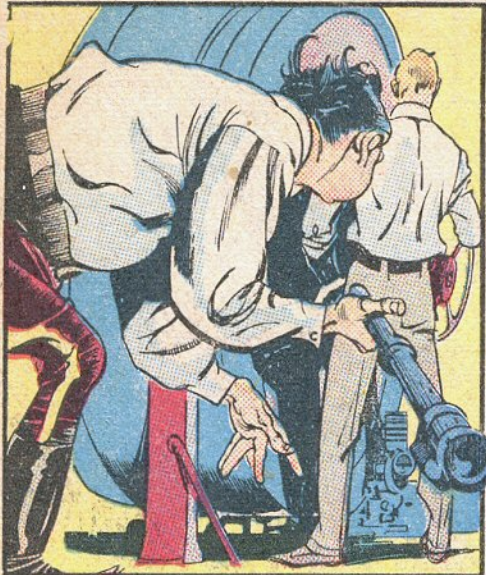


DOWN BELOW, ADOLF WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT....

UGH!! I MUST STOP THAT THING OR IT VILL CATCH HIM!!



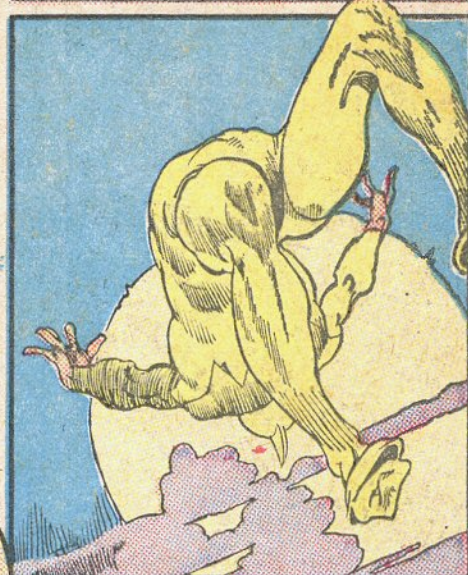
STEALTHILY ADOLF CREEPS
UP BEHIND THE OPERATOR...



TAKE THAT!! NOW TO SHUT
OFF THIS LIGHT!



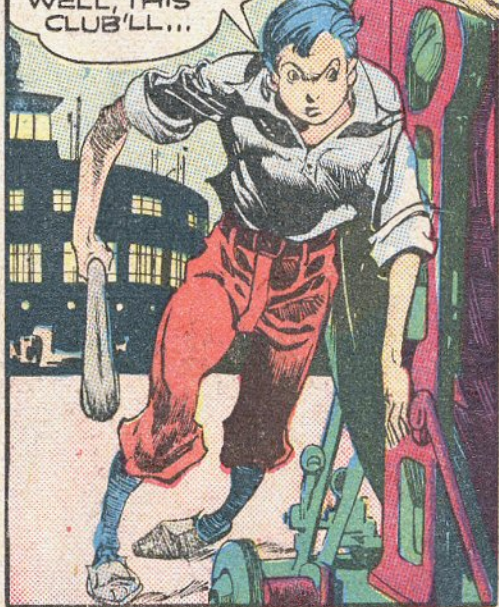
WITHOUT THE BEAM'S AID, THE
RAY PLUNGES TO EARTH..



UNKNOWN TO ADOLF, HE IS
SEEN BY THE WOUNDED BUD



...TRIED TO
KILL THE RAY...
WELL, THIS
CLUB'LL...



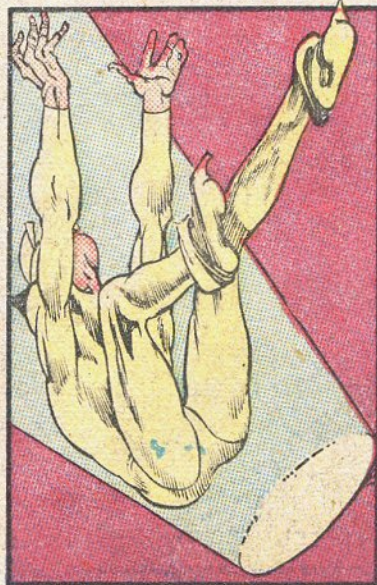
ONE SIDE, YOU BIG APE!!
I'M TURNIN' ON THAT
LIGHT!!



BUD PIERCES THE BLACKNESS WITH
THE LIGHT...HOPING TO FIND THE
FALLING RAY BEFORE IT IS TOO
LATE....



AT LAST HE PUTS THE
BEAM ON THE HURTLING
BODY....



AND ONCE MORE THE RAY STARTS UP
THE BRILLIANT PATH, TOWARD THE
ESCAPING VON RIBBONCOUNTER..



OKAY NOW, TOOTS! COME ON OUT AND FIGHT!



BATTLING YOU OUT OF HERE WILL BE MORE FUN THAN JUST THROWING YOU OUT!



CRAZY SWINE.. I'LL...!!

THEN OUT ON A WING THE TWO MEN FIGHT SAVAGELY....



IF THAT ONE DIDN'T SEND YOU ON A HIGH DIVE..



...THIS ONE WILL !!



THERE!!



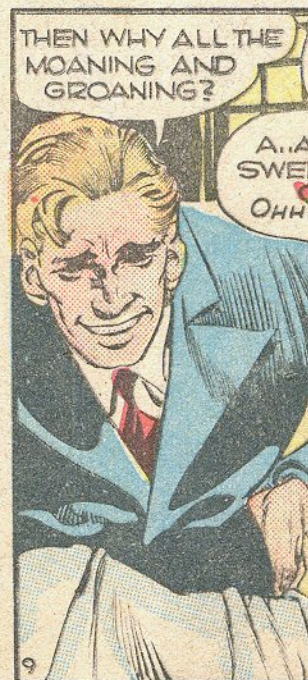
NO! THAT KIND OF DEATH IS TOO QUICK AND MERCIFUL... I'LL PICK YOU UP...



AND THE RAY CARRIES THE SPY BACK DOWN TO THE FIELD

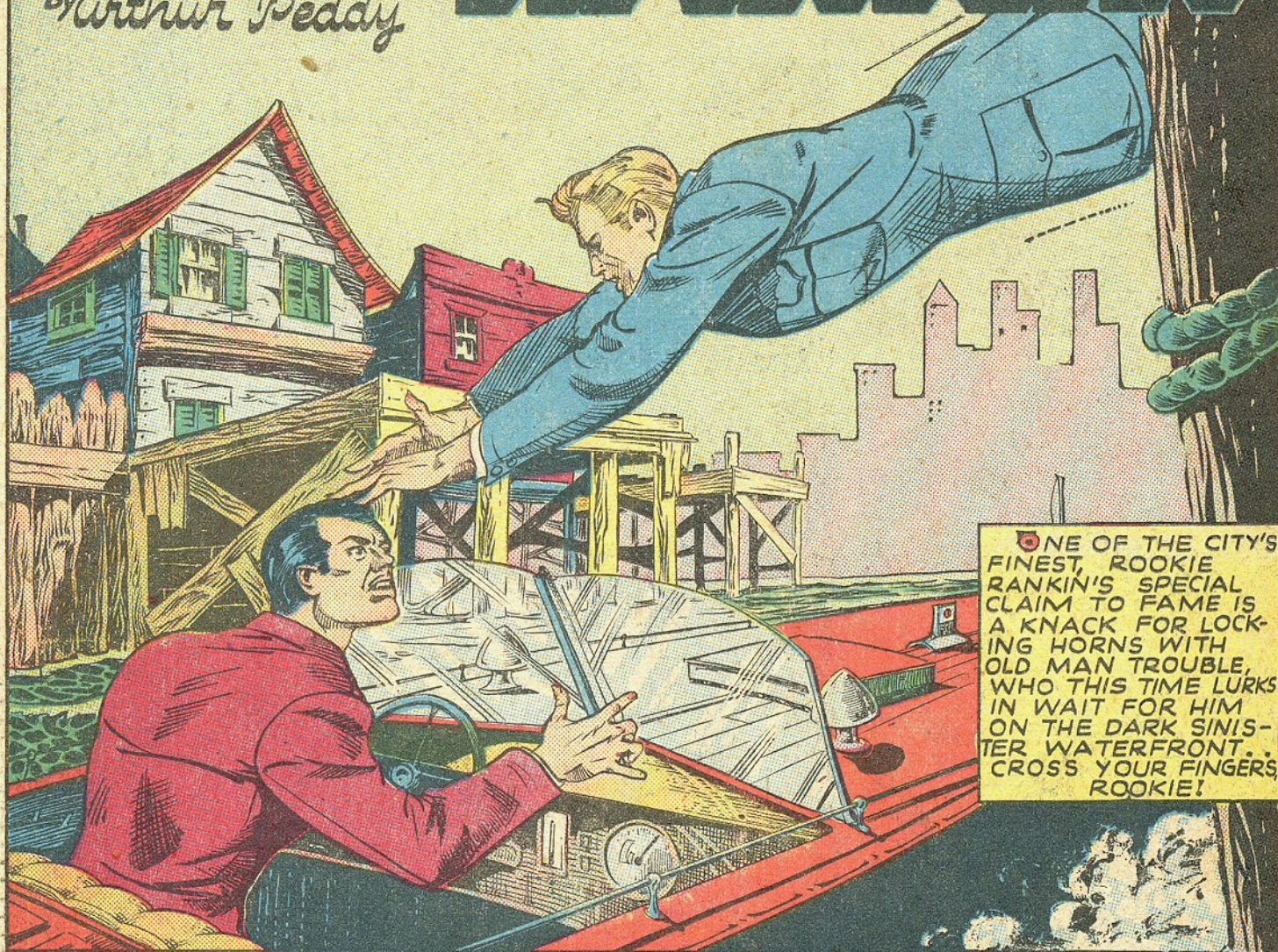


IT'S TOO MUCH FUN HAVING YOU TO LOSE YOU SO SOON!



Rookie RANKIN

By Arthur Peddy



ONE OF THE CITY'S FINEST, ROOKIE RANKIN'S SPECIAL CLAIM TO FAME IS A KNACK FOR LOCKING HORNS WITH OLD MAN TROUBLE, WHO THIS TIME LURKS IN WAIT FOR HIM ON THE DARK SINISTER WATERFRONT. CROSS YOUR FINGERS, ROOKIE!

SARGE BURNS SUMMONS ROOKIE TO HIS OFFICE.

HERE'S A BUNCH OF TICKETS TO THE ANNUAL POLICE-FIREMEN'S BASE-BALL GAME. GO OUT AND SELL 'EM!



AW GEE, SARGE! I COULDN'T SELL A PARACHUTE TO A GUY FALLIN' OUT OF A AIRPLANE! ANYHOW, I WANT TO SNOOP AROUND AFTER THE LIGUORI GANG!



LEAVE THAT TO US SEASONED VETERANS, ROOKIE! GO OUT AND PEDdle THOSE DUCATS AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'VE SOLD THE LAST ONE, SEE?



MANY HOURS LATER, ROOKIE WANDERS SADLY THROUGH THE WATERFRONT DISTRICT.

THE SARGE'LL BE AS SORE AS MY FEET. I SOLD JUST ONE TICKET AND GOT THIRTEEN LEFT!

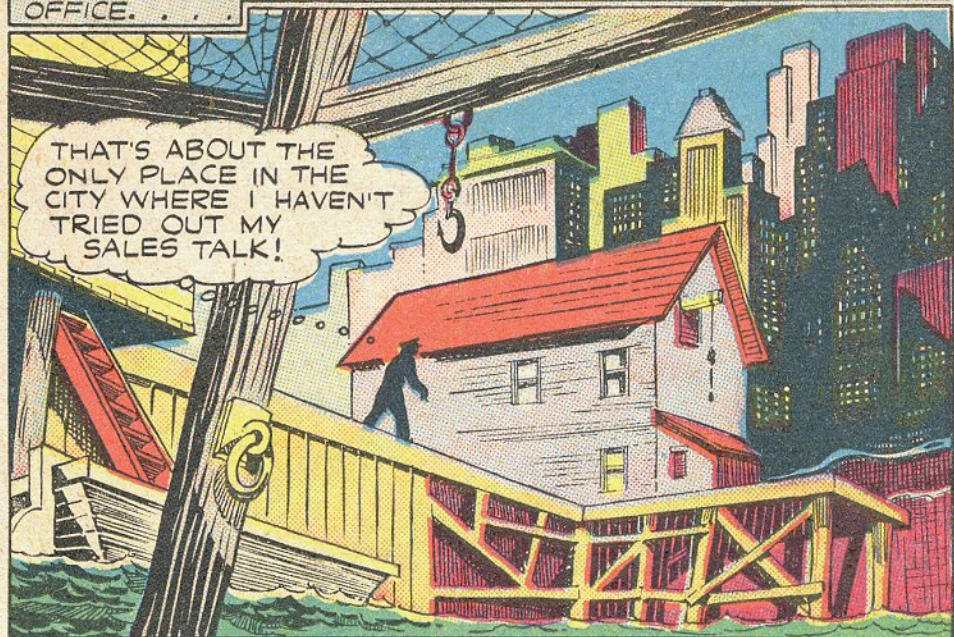


THEY SHOULDN'T BE WORKIN' SO LATE NIGHTS! NEED SOME RECREATION, LIKE GOIN' TO A BASEBALL GAME!



SUDDENLY HE NOTICES A LIGHT BURNING IN A WAREHOUSE OFFICE.

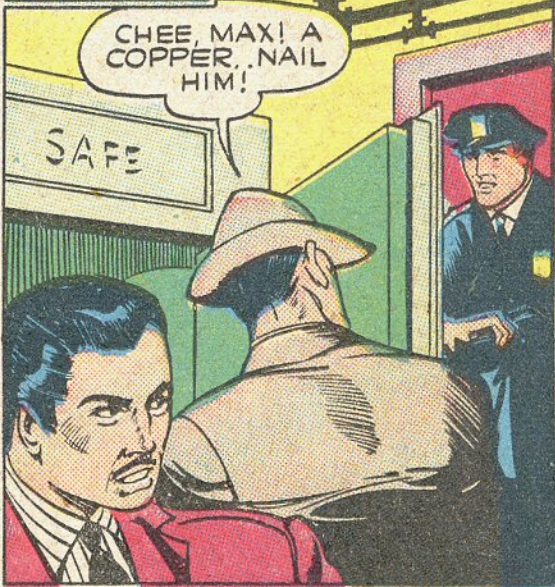
THAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY WHERE I HAVEN'T TRIED OUT MY SALES TALK!



HOLY SMOKES!



ROOKIE STARTLES THE "NIGHT WORKERS."



CHEE, MAX! A COPPER. NAIL HIM!

HE REACHES FOR HIS GUN BUT THE TICKETS GET IN HIS WAY. . .



DOGGONE IT! AND IT'S THE LIGUORI GANG!

A SLUG KNOCKS ROOKIE'S CAP OFF.



THAT'LL LOIN YOUSE TO TAKE YOUR HAT OFF IN THE HOUSE!

A THIRD GANGSTER CLUBS HIM FROM BEHIND.



COPPERS IS A CINCH!

THE SAFE CRACKERS SCOOP THE CONTENTS OF THE SAFE INTO A SATCHEL AS ROOKIE SLUMBERS PEACEFULLY. . .

TEN GRAND! NOT BAD, STREGA!

WHAT'S THEM TICKETS THE FLATFOOT SPILLED ALL OVER THE PLACE?

HAW! HAW! HAW! THE POLICE-FIREMEN'S ANNUAL BASEBALL GAME! DON'TCHA THINK WE BETTER GO AND ROOT FOR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT? HAW!

ROOKIE'S LIMP FORM IS HAULED INTO THE WAREHOUSE. . .

THEY WON'T FIND HIM TILL MORNING!

WE HOPE!

STREGA LIGUORI, THE LEADER, SNAPS A COMMAND. . .

WE'LL LEAVE THIS MONKEY HERE WITH THE BANANAS AND SCRAM IN THE MOTOR BOAT, BOYS!

BUT MAX REBELS. . .

I WANT MY SPLIT OF THE TAKE RIGHT NOW!

FORK IT OVER! I WOULDN'T TRUST ME OWN BRUDDER!

NOW, JUST A MINUTE, BOYS!

YEAH, AN' I WANT MY SLICE TOO, STREGA!

JUST THEN, A HUGE TARANTULA CRAWLS FORTH FROM THE BANANAS. . .

AND FIXES ITS BEADY EYES ON ROOKIE'S HEAD.



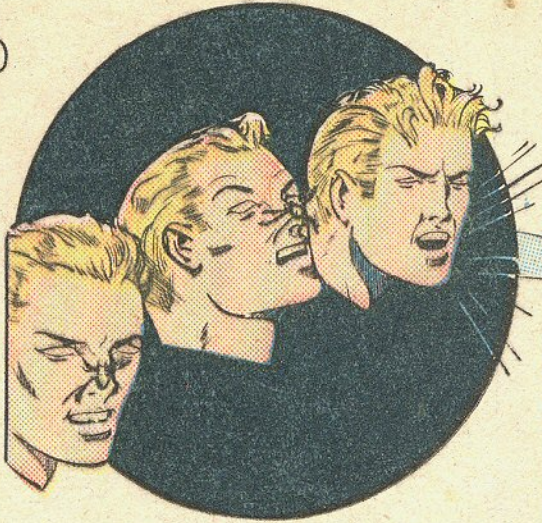
THE THUGS STOP THEIR ARGUING LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH.

BUT THE TARANTULA TICKLES ROOKIE'S NOSE...HE SNEEZES VIOLENTLY AND...

THE POISONOUS CREATURE IS BLASTED THROUGH THE AIR TO LAND ON SPIKE'S WRIST.

HAW! LOOKA THAT, SPIKE! THE SPIDER'LL FINISH THE COPPER!

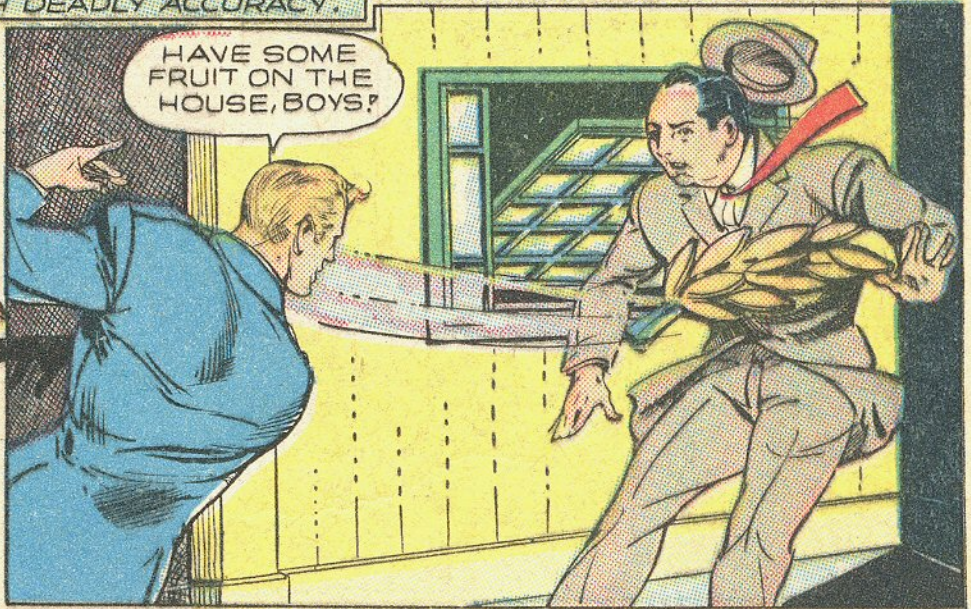
YEAH? HEH?



EEE-YAH? IT BIT ME? I'M DYING? I'M DONE FOR? I'M DEAD?

ROOKIE, NOW THOROUGHLY AWAKE, HEAVES A BUNCH OF BANANAS WITH DEADLY ACCURACY.

HAVE SOME FRUIT ON THE HOUSE, BOYS?



STREGA SNATCHES UP THE STOLEN MONEY.

ROOKIE HELPS HIMSELF TO SPIKE'S GUN.

HE SPEEDS AFTER STREGA AND MAX.

COME ON, MAX? YOU AND ME'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

STOP HOLLERIN'? YOU'LL GET TO A HOSPITAL.. IN A POLICE AMBULANCE?

RUNNIN' OUT ON THEIR PAL? I LIKE 'EM LESS AND LESS?

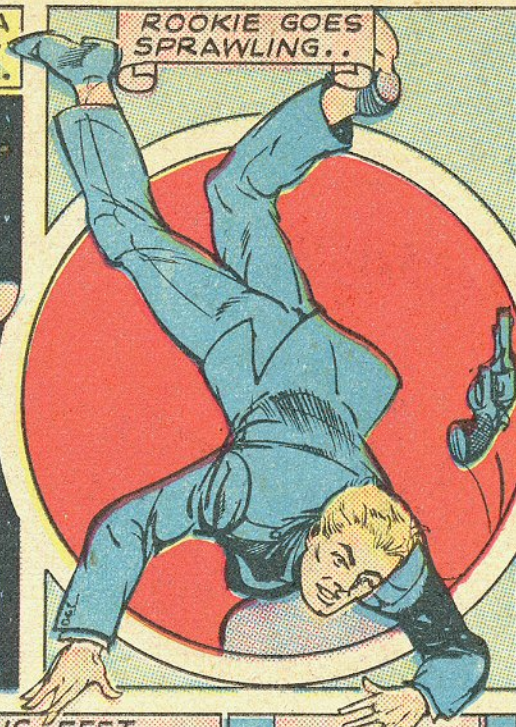
OOH? OOH? DOCTOR? NURSE?



BUT AN OVER-RIPE BANANA UNDER FOOT IS EVEN DEAD-LIER THAN THE PEEL. . .



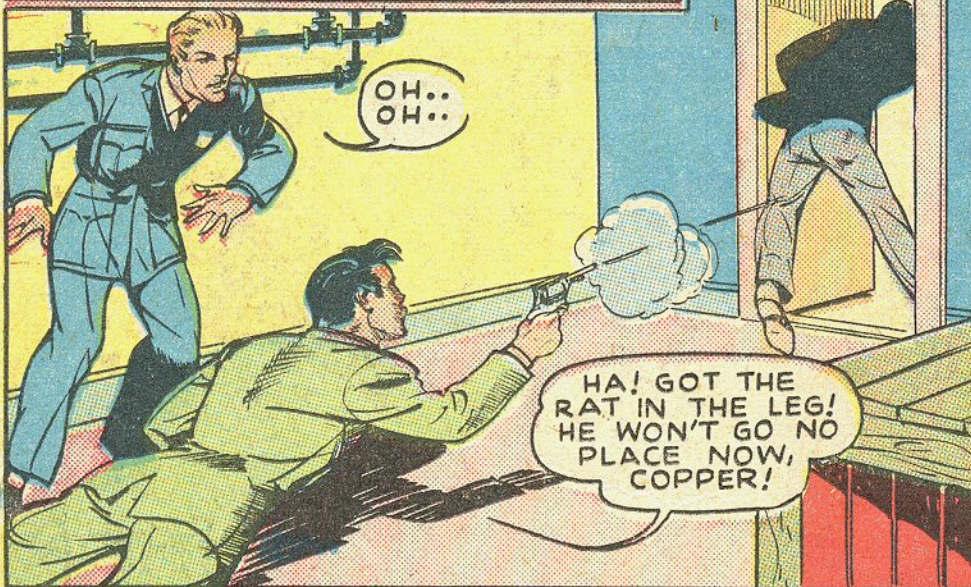
ROOKIE GOES SPRAWLING..



SPIKE RETRIEVES HIS GUN.



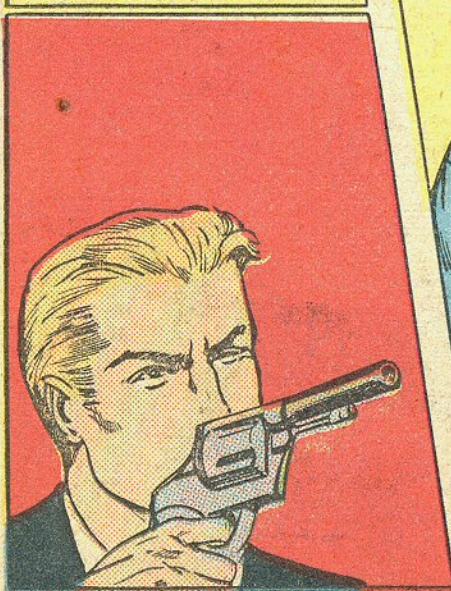
AS ROOKIE LURCHES TO HIS FEET, SPIKE SNAPS A QUICK SHOT AT MAX.



THANKS FOR THE HELP, MISTER, BUT I'LL BORROW THAT GUN AGAIN.. YOU DON'T MIND!



ROOKIE DRAWS A BEAD ON MAX, WHO IS DOWN BUT NOT OUT.



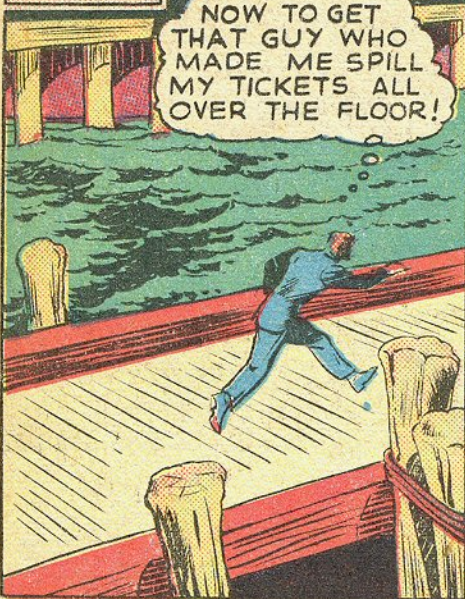
THE SLUGGER TAKES THE GUN OUT OF THE MUGG'S MITT BEFORE HE CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER.



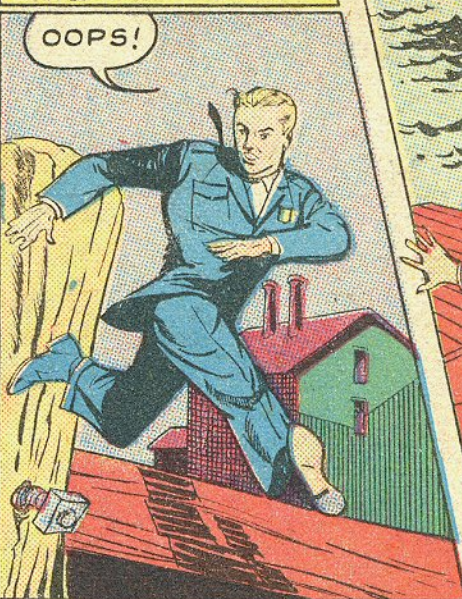
MEANWHILE STREGA CLAMBERS DOWN TO A SPEED-BOAT TIED UP AT THE DOCK.



ROOKIE SHIFTS INTO HIGH GEAR AND TEARS AFTER STREGA.



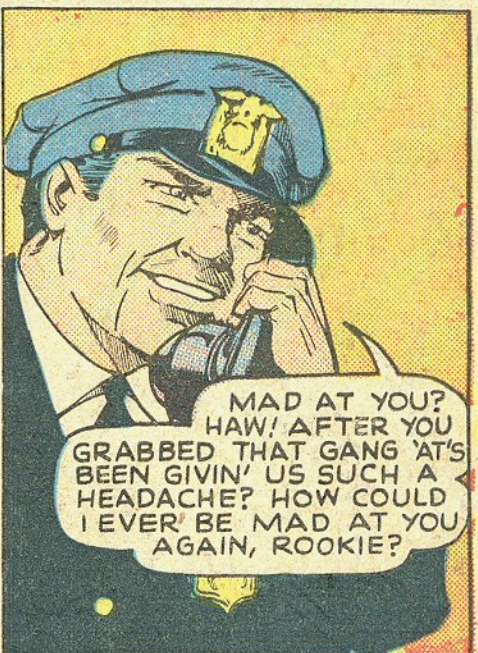
BUT HE PUTS THE BRAKES ON TOO LATE.



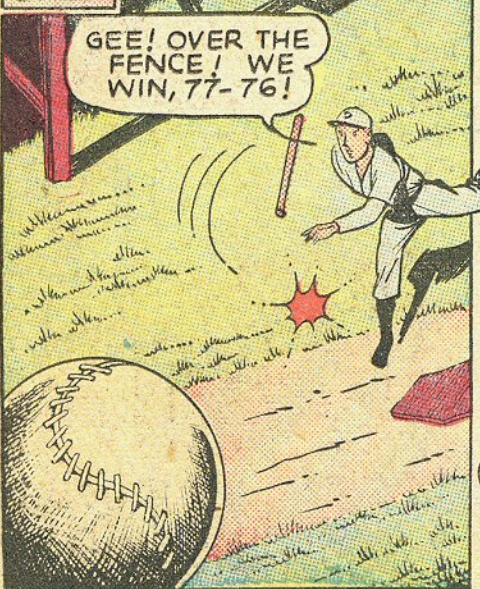
AND LANDS ON STREGA, WHO COLLAPSES LIKE A PUNCTURED BALLOON.



ROOKIE HOLDS HIS MEEK PRISONERS AT BAY WHILE HE PHONES SERGEANT BURNS.



THE NEXT DAY ROOKIE SLAMS OUT A SIZZLING HOMER FOR THE GLORY OF THE BOYS IN BLUE.



'RAY FOR ROOKIE RANKIN, NUMBER ONE HERO OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! GOOD OLE ROOKIE! I'LL TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE IN MY NEW FORDIAC SEDAN!



BUT WHEN THE SARGE SEES HIS CAR.



Archie O'TOOLE



EVERYTHING IS PEACHY IN THE KINGDOM, SIRE!

THE BUDGET IS BALANCED AND THE FISHIN' IS SWELL

YOU ARE RICH AND YOU ARE PRETTY

YOU'LL PROBABLY WIN THE WAR AND THE THIRD RACE AT JAMAICA

AW-YOU YES MEN TELL THAT TO ALL THE KINGS!



I'M SICK O' YES MEN! I'D LIKE SOMETHIN' NEW TO CHEER ME UP!

WHY NOT CALL THE AGENCY AND GET A YES WOMAN?



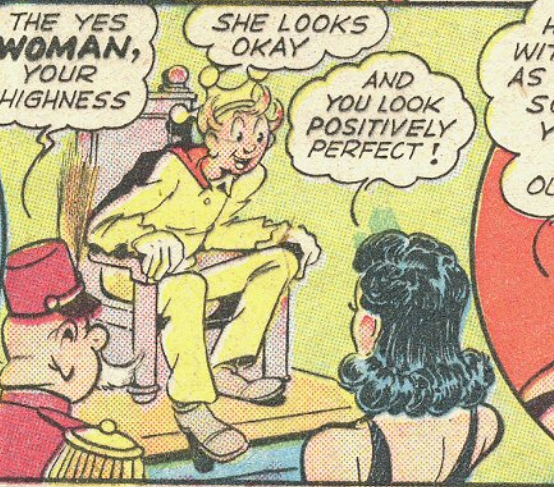
HEY!—THERE'S AN IDEA!—DO THAT!

I ALREADY DID, SIRE—I'M A BUTLER WIT' INSTINCTS!

THE YES WOMAN, YOUR HIGHNESS

SHE LOOKS OKAY

AND YOU LOOK POSITIVELY PERFECT!

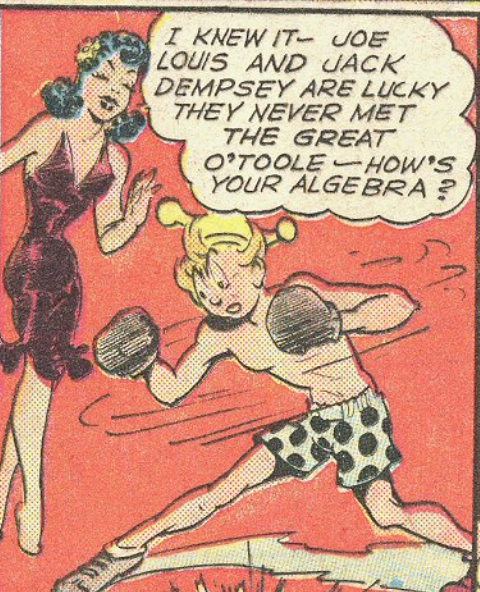


HANDSOME, CHARMING, WITTY, CAPTIVATING, SMART AS A WHIP AND WISE AS SOLOMON— HAVE YOU GOT A BASE-BALL OUTFIT?

I CAN GET ONE



I CAN SEE AT A GLANCE YOU CAN HIT BETTER THAN DIMAGGIO—AND OUTPITCH BOB FELLER!—NOW, BOXING TOGS, PLEASE!



I KNEW IT— JOE LOUIS AND JACK DEMPSEY ARE LUCKY THEY NEVER MET THE GREAT O'TOOLE—HOW'S YOUR ALGEBRA?



GO NO FURTHER!—YOU AND EINSTEIN ARE THE GREATEST! OTHERS CAN BUT GAZE IN WONDER!

LET $A=B$
 $\frac{3}{2}XA$ AND
 $\div CDE \#$
ONE TWO
BUTTON MY
SHOE?
 $2+2=4$
OR DOES
IT?



TO SUM UP, MY SWEET, YOU ARE THE MOST PERFECT HUMAN BEING ON THIS EARTH—A SUPERMAN OF BEAUTY, STRENGTH AND WISDOM—TO KNOW YOU IS TO LOVE YOU!

WELL, IN THAT CASE--



WILL YOU MARRY ME?

WHAT?

ISN'T THAT THE NEW YES WOMAN?



NO! NO! A THOUSAND TIMES NO!

by Paul Gustavson

CHUCK LANE, DACHE' OF YORK'S FINEST IS DUAL ROLE.. THE LAUGHING BUSTER, THE ... FEARED BY CRIMINALS ANY OTHER OF THE LAW.

HE LEFT PLENTY OF DOUGH - BUT NO

DOESN'T IT SOUND FUNNY THAT ALL SPEED LEFT WAS THAT OLD HOUSE.. NO BANK ACCOUNTS OR NOTHING!

HE USED TO SAY "I'VE GOT MY WEALTH IN MY HANDS".. AND THAT'S ALL ANYONE KNOWS.

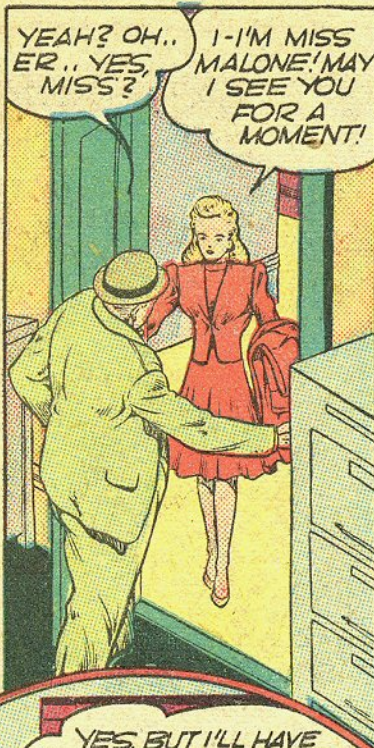
YEAH! SPEED'S MOUTHPIECE
GAVE OUT THAT INFO'
YESTERDAY! AND
ALL HE LEFT HER
WAS AN OLD
HOUSE THAT HAS
BEEN CLOSED
SINCE
PROHIBITION!

CHUCK RUSHES EXCITEDLY INTO
DETECTIVE MCGINTY'S OFFICE.



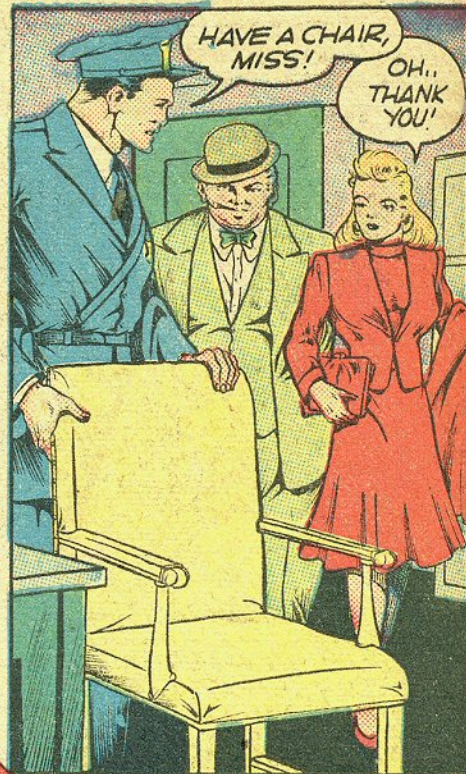
MAYBE SPEED MALONE HID HIS MONEY SOMEPLACE!

THAT'S POSSIBLE! SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING!



YEAH? OH.. ER.. YES, MISS?

I-I'M MISS MALONE! MAY I SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT!

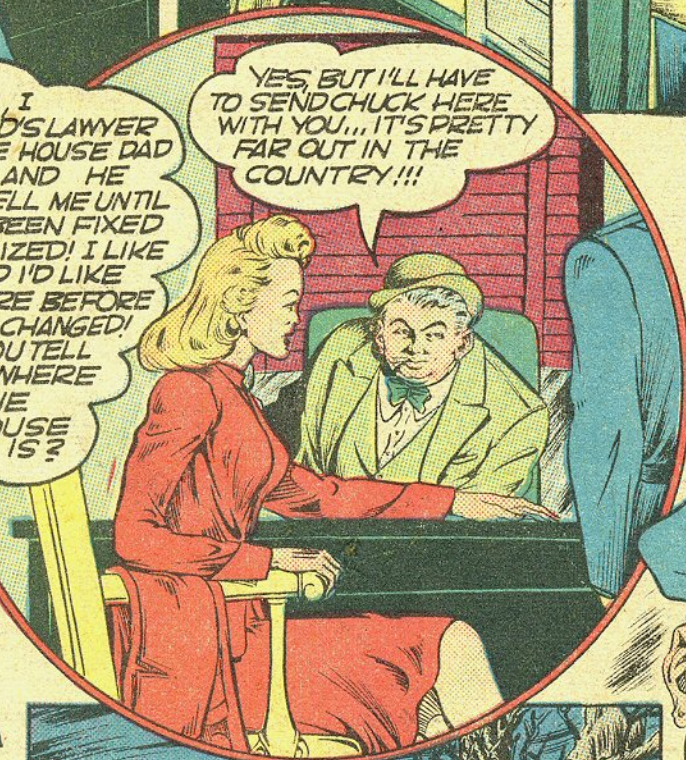


HAVE A CHAIR, MISS!

OH.. THANK YOU!



WELL, I ASKED DAD'S LAWYER WHERE THE HOUSE DAD LEFT ME IS, AND HE REFUSED TO TELL ME UNTIL IT HAS ALL BEEN FIXED AND MODERNIZED! I LIKE OLD THINGS AND I'D LIKE TO GO THERE BEFORE IT'S CHANGED! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE HOUSE IS?



YES, BUT I'LL HAVE TO SEND CHUCK HERE WITH YOU... IT'S PRETTY FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY!!!

BUT CHUCK'S MIND IS FULL OF THOUGHT...

SPEED'S LAWYER IS GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE. WHO'S GOING TO PAY FOR FIXING THAT PLACE UP? THIS GIRL HASN'T THE MONEY... IT SOUNDS FISHY!



CHUCK.. TAKE MISS MALONE OUT TO HER "WILLOWS" PLACE...

HUH? OKAY! SURE!!



SOME TIME LATER... CHUCK DRIVES UP TO THE RUN-DOWN MANSION HIDDEN DEEP IN THE WOODS..



IT'S BEAUTIFUL.. BUT IN TERRIBLE SHAPE!

LET'S GO INSIDE!

HMMM... THE DOOR IS OPEN,
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S
BEEN HERE!

PROBABLY
THE DECORATORS



AS THE TWO STEP THROUGH
THE DOORWAY



OHHH!!

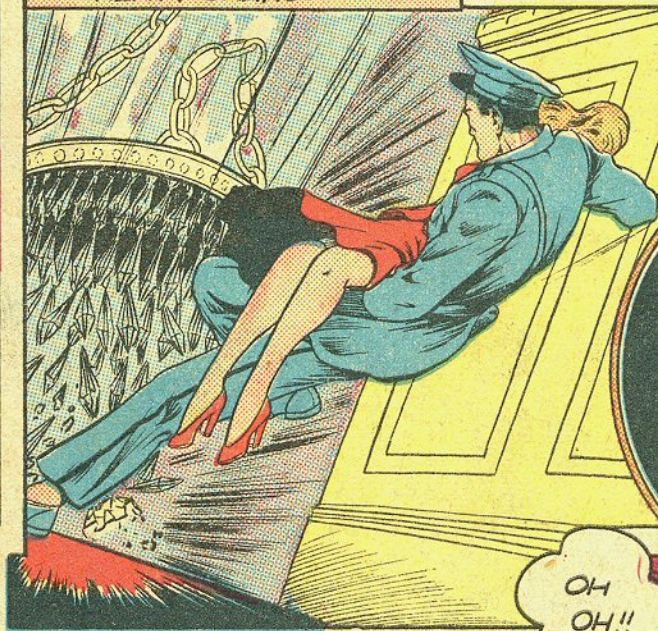


FAINTED! WHAT'D
SHE DO THAT FOR?
HOLY MACKEREL-
NO WONDER!

OUR SKELETON FRIEND IS
REALLY PLASTER. SOME-
BODY'S GRIM
JOKE!!



CHUCK SUDDENLY LEAPS
ASIDE - AND CRASHING
DOWN ON THE SPOT WHERE
HE WAS STANDING COMES THE
HEAVY CHANDELIER.



THAT WAS NO GAG EITHER!
THERE'S SOMEONE HERE
TRYING TO GET RID OF US!
THIS PLACE IS PAST THE
CITY LIMITS AND I COULDN'T
ARREST ANYONE HERE IF
I DID WANT TO!

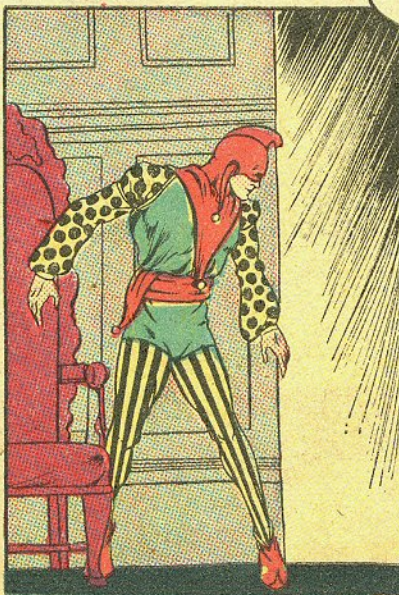


OH
OH!!

BUT SOMEONE ELSE CAN
DO THE JOB AS WELL! YOU
JUST RELAX UNTIL YOU COME
TO AGAIN - I'VE A JOB
TO TAKE CARE OF!



IN NO
TIME AT
ALL CHUCK
LANE HAS
CHANGED
TO HIS
FABULOUS
ROLE OF
THE JESTER
AND IS
MOVING
SILENTLY
THROUGH
THE DARK
HOUSE
...



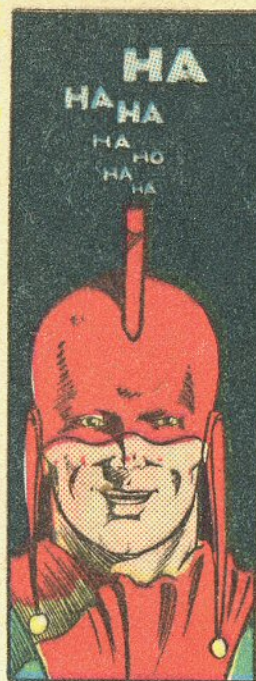
TH'
DAME'S
STILL THERE..
..PASSED
OUT, BUT
TH' COP'S
GONE!



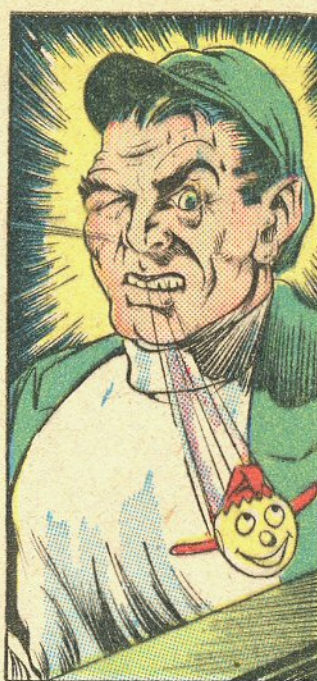


QUIT JINGLING THOSE KEYS.. SOMEONE MIGHT HEAR YOU!

I AIN'T DOIN' NOthin'!



HA
HA HA
HA HO
HA HA



TH' JESTER!

HEAD FOR TH' CELLAR AN' TH' REST OF TH' MOB! WE NEED HELP.. AN' PLENTY OF IT!



SHAKE A LEG SLOW-POKE!

O-O-KAY!

AS THE THUGS DASH DOWN THE STAIRS, THE JESTER LEAPS TO THE BANISTER.



AND IN A FLASH HE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS...

I CAN'T STOP!



SURE.. LIKE THIS!!



AND SO CAN YOU!



MEANWHILE.. IN THE CELLAR
HEY-SOMETHING'S GOING ON UP THERE!

C'MON!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER..

LOOK.. TONY
AND LA PORTA

WHO
TH'LL??



YOU GUYS MADE TOO MUCH
NOISE.. YOU GAVE
YOURSELVES
AWAY!!



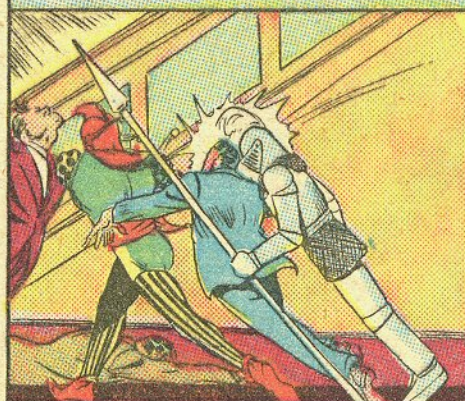
WELL! IF IT ISN'T LEFTY-
SPEED'S RIGHT-HAND
MAN! GOING IN FOR
DECORATING... OR THE
MONEY SPEED HID
HERE!!



THAT DOUGH
BELONGS TO
US AN'...
?UHS



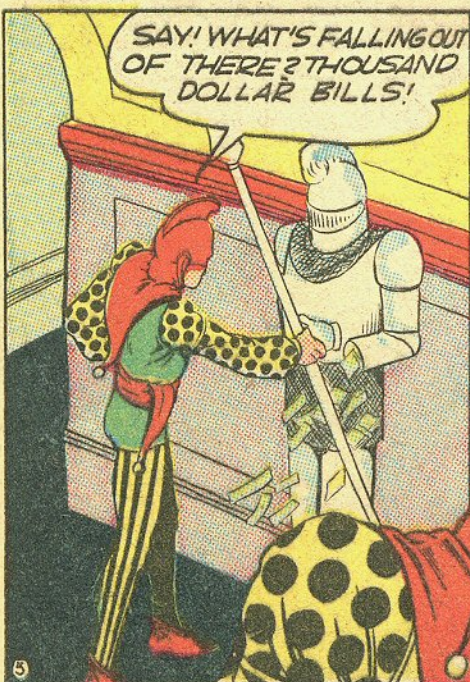
ONE OF THE THUGS SNEAKS UP
BEHIND THE JESTER AND IS
ABOUT TO BLACK-JACK HIM WHEN
HIS COAT CATCHES ON A SUIT OF ARMOR..



WELL, OLD IRONSIDES.. YOU
KNOCKED HIM OUT- NO
NEED TO HOLD HIM
DOWN TOO! C'MON-
UP YOU GO!



SAY! WHAT'S FALLING OUT
OF THERE? THOUSAND
DOLLAR BILLS!



SO THAT'S WHAT SPEED
MEANT WHEN HE SAID
HE KEPT HIS WEALTH
IN HIS HAND! WOW!
GUESS I'D BETTER
CHANGE TO CHUCK
LANE AGAIN...
AND STRAIGHTEN
THINGS UP
HERE!



BEFORE I FORGET, MCGINTY-
I FOUND SPEED MALONE'S
MONEY.. ARRESTED HIS GANG
FOR TRYING TO MURDER ME
AND SPEED'S DAUGHTER, ALSO
PICKED UP HIS LAWYER FOR
BEING THE BRAINS BEHIND
THE GANG!

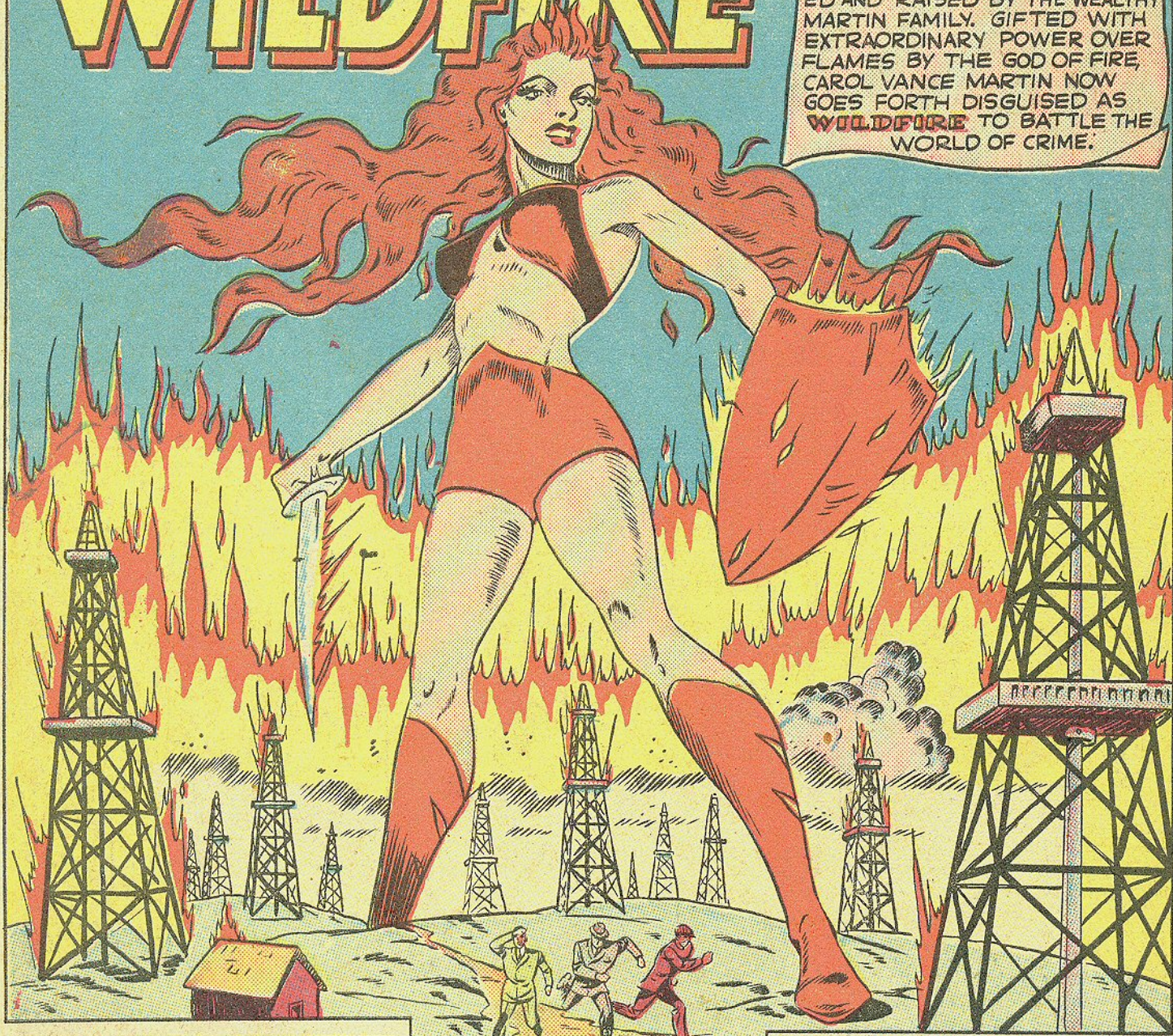


LATER.. AT HEADQUARTERS..

WILDFIRE

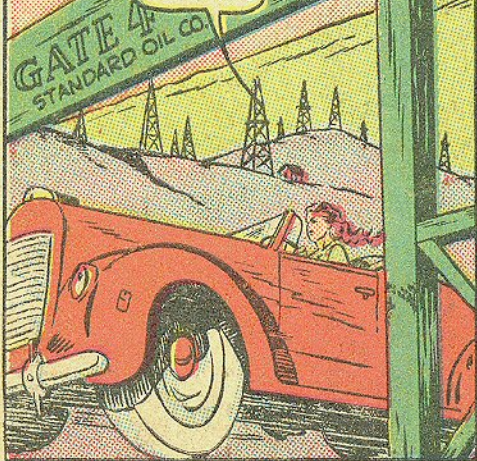
by JIM MONEYS
ROBERT TURNER

ORPHANED BY A FOREST FIRE, CAROL VANCE HAS BEEN ADOPTED AND RAISED BY THE WEALTHY MARTIN FAMILY. GIFTED WITH EXTRAORDINARY POWER OVER FLAMES BY THE GOD OF FIRE, CAROL VANCE MARTIN NOW GOES FORTH DISGUISED AS **WILDFIRE** TO BATTLE THE WORLD OF CRIME.



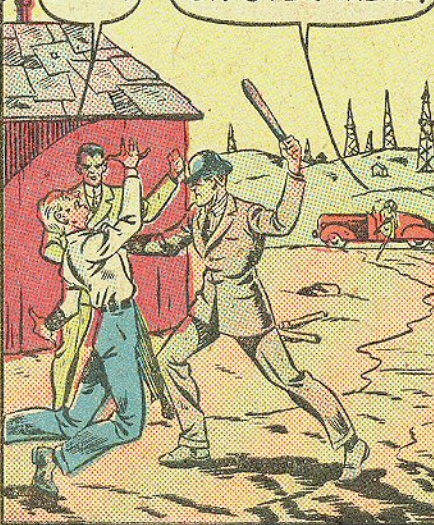
ON HER WAY EAST, CAROL STOPS OFF FOR SOME SIGHTSEEING AT THE GREAT OIL FIELDS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SIGHT!



HELP!

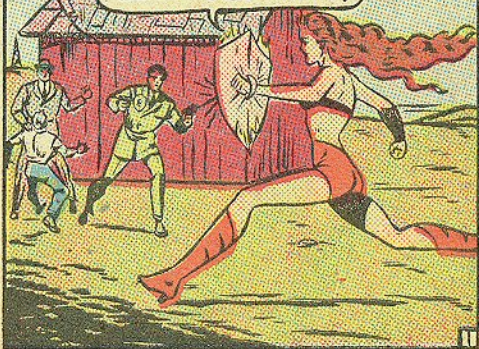
WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?

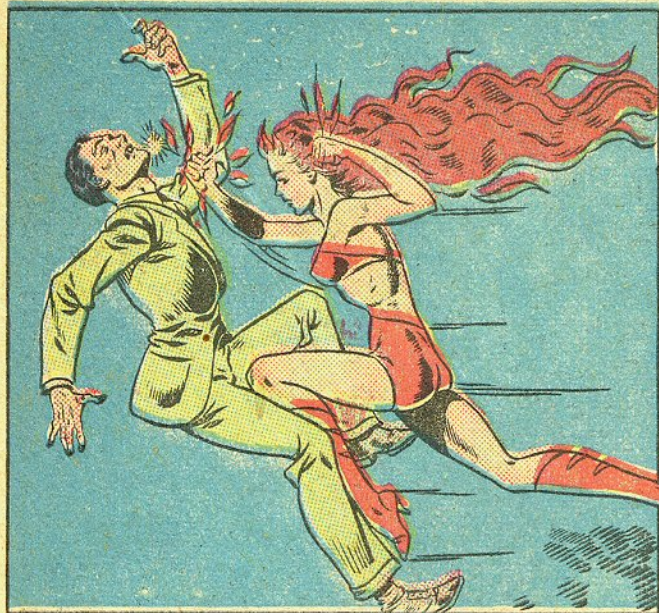


QUICKLY CHANGING TO HER WILDFIRE COSTUME, SHE RUSHES TO THE RESCUE.

WILDFIRE! IT MUST BE HER! THE BULLETS DON'T STOP HER!

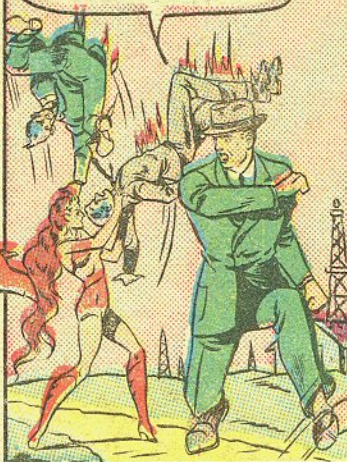
YOU BRUTES! PICKING ON A POOR DEFENSELESS OLD MAN!





AS ONE THUG DASHES TO SAFETY.

SHE'S SET THEIR CLOTHES ON FIRE! I'D BETTER GET BACK AND REPORT THIS TO THE LEADER!



OTHERS WILL BE ATTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF THE FIGHT! I'D BETTER BECOME CAROL MARTIN AGAIN BEFORE. . .

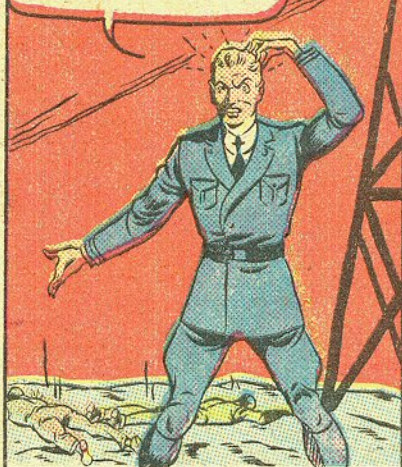


WHAT HAPPENED MISS?

HE-HE'S DEAD.. THE POOR OLD FELLOW!

GAROL QUICKLY TELLS THEM WHAT HAPPENED.

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO KILL OLD BEN, THE GATE WATCHMAN, BUT WHAT PUZZLES ME EVEN MORE IS, WHAT HIT THESE GUYS?



OH, YES, I-I MUST HAVE LOST MY TEMPER WITH THOSE KILLERS!

G-GOSH, LADY I HOPE YOU NEVER GET MAD AT ME!



WHILE IN A TOWN NEARBY. . .

WELL, DID YOU KNOCK OFF THE GATEMAN ALL RIGHT?

YEAH, YEAH, BIG TOM, BUT THAT FAMOUS FIRE DAME, WILDFIRE, BUSTED IN ON US! SHE GOT THE REST OF THE BOYS, BUT I MANAGED TO ESCAPE! SHE'S GONNA GIVE US TROUBLE!



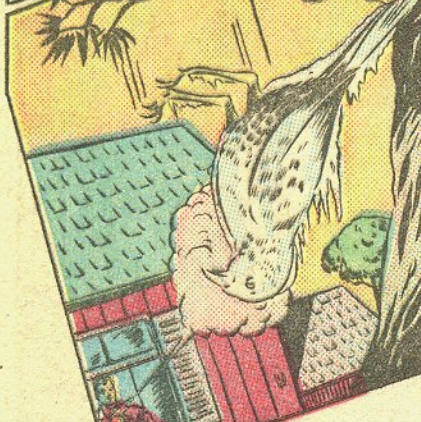
I DON'T THINK SHE WILL, FELLA! NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP US ON THIS BIG JOB! NOT WHILE WE HAVE THESE FREEZO GUNS!



WATCH WHAT IT DOES TO THAT BIRD!



BIG TOM SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER. A JET OF GASEOUS LIQUID LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR. THE BIRD FALLS DEAD. FROZEN STIFF AS CEMENT.



IF WILDFIRE TRIES TO TURN ON THE HEAT, THIS WILL STOP HER AND ANYONE ELSE WHO BUTTS IN. A GUN THAT SHOOTS OUT LIQUID AIR AT HIGH PRESSURE AND LIQUID AIR IS HUNDREDS OF DEGREES BELOW ZERO!



I WAS JUST READING IN THE PAPERS HOW THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF GASOLINE ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD. IT'S GOING TO BE THAT WAY ALL OVER, AFTER TONIGHT, ONLY MORE SO, EH, KID?



YOU SAID IT, BOSS! AND WE'RE GETTING PAID PLENTY FOR THIS LITTLE SABOTAGE JOB!

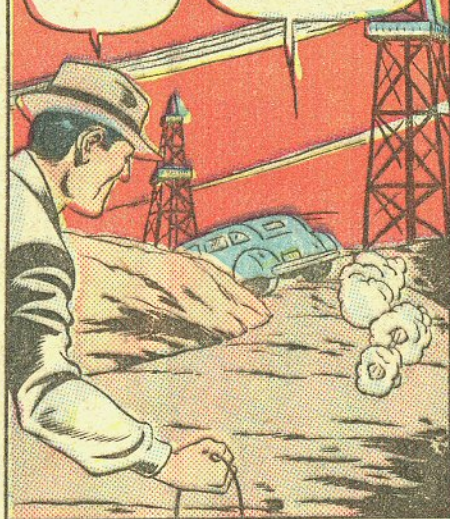
THAT NIGHT AT THE GATE OF THE OIL FIELDS...

AFTER BUMPING OFF OLD BEN, IT WAS EASY FOR ME TO GET THE JOB AS HIS SUBSTITUTE! HERE COME THE BOYS NOW!

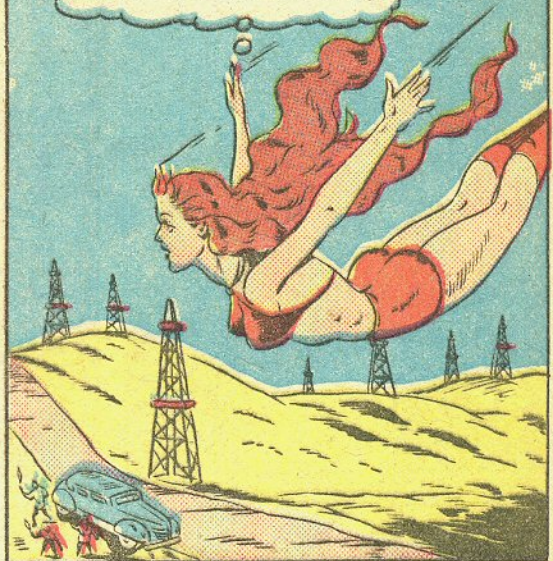


GO TO IT, BIG TOM!

PULL UP OVER NEAR THAT BIG GUSHER!



LOOKS LIKE I FIGURED THE DEATH OF THE GATEMAN OUT RIGHT... SABOTEURS... OUT TO DESTROY THESE OIL FIELDS!



BOY! JUST LIKE FOURTH OF JULY FIREWORKS!



STAND STILL! YOU TRAITORS CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, FIRE-BABY! FEED HER THE FREEZO-GUNS, BOYS!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT STUFF IS, BUT THEIR AIM WAS BAD!

HELP! YA MISSED. AND SHE'S AFTER ME!





THIS TIME I'M NOT MISSING!

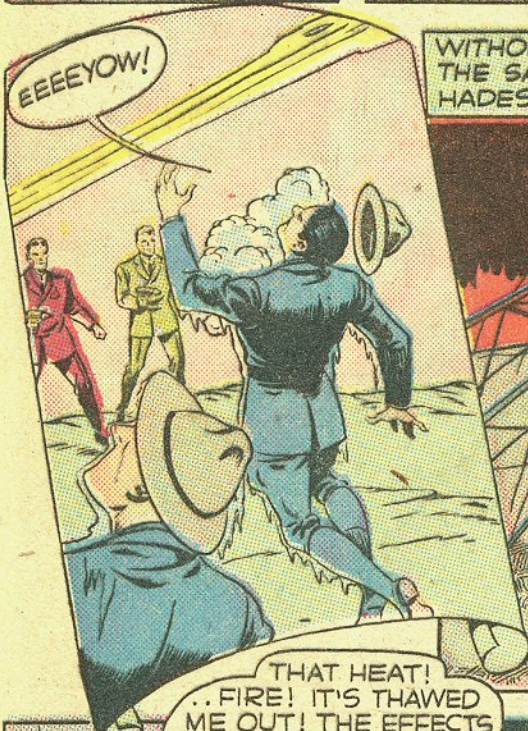


SHE'S FROZEN STIFF AS A BOARD! NOW SHE'S OUT OF THE WAY! LET'S FINISH THIS JOB!



DROP THOSE CRAZY LOOKING GUNS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

COOL 'EM OFF, BOYS!

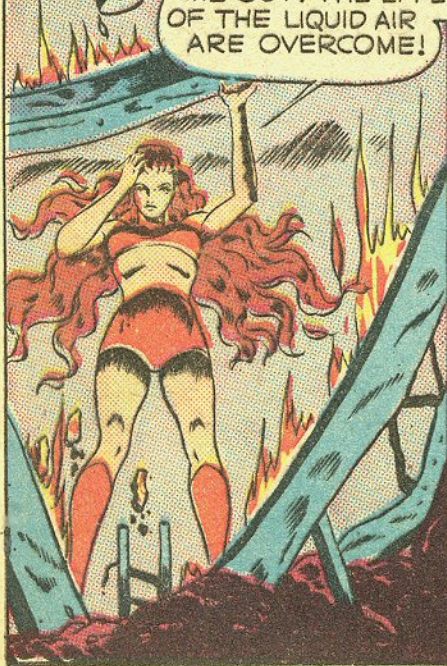


EEEEYOW!

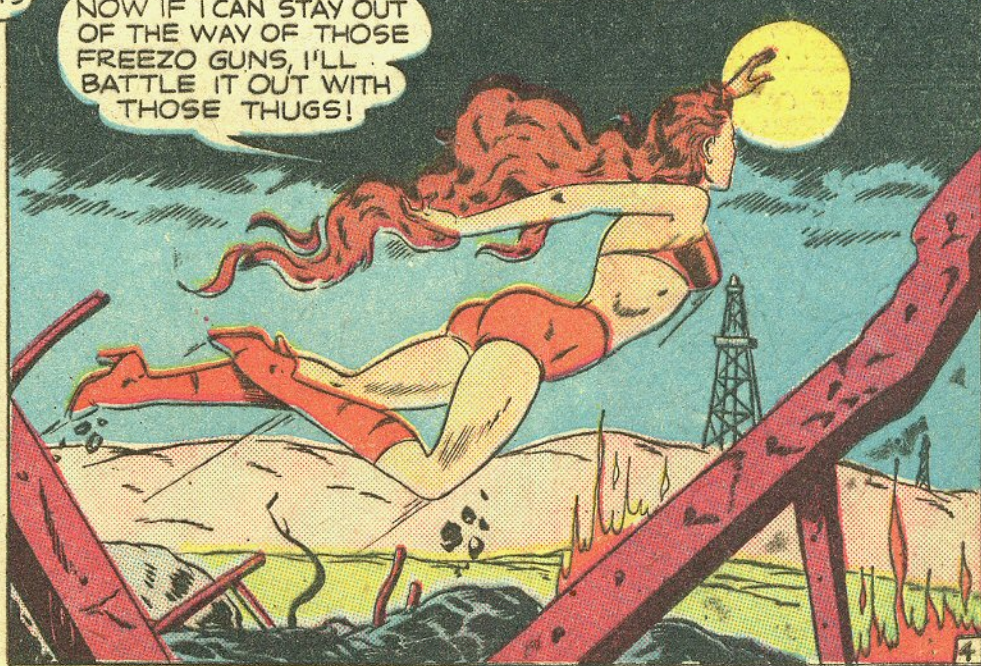
WITHOUT FURTHER HINDRANCE, THE SABOTEURS MAKE A FLAMING HADES OF THE OIL FIELDS. . . .



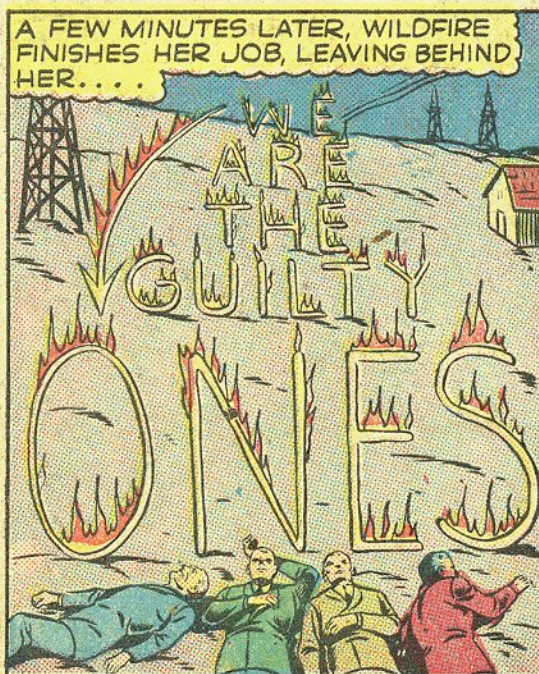
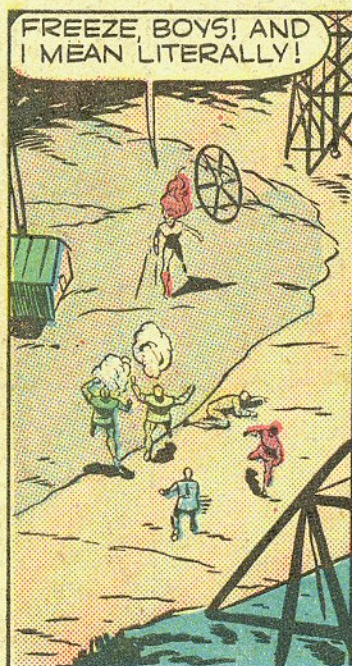
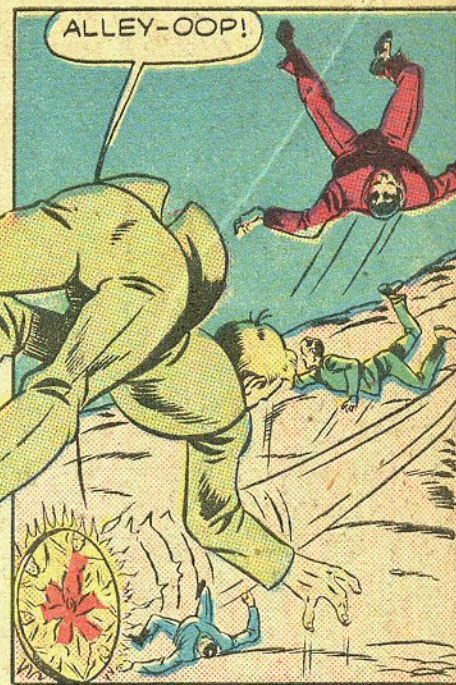
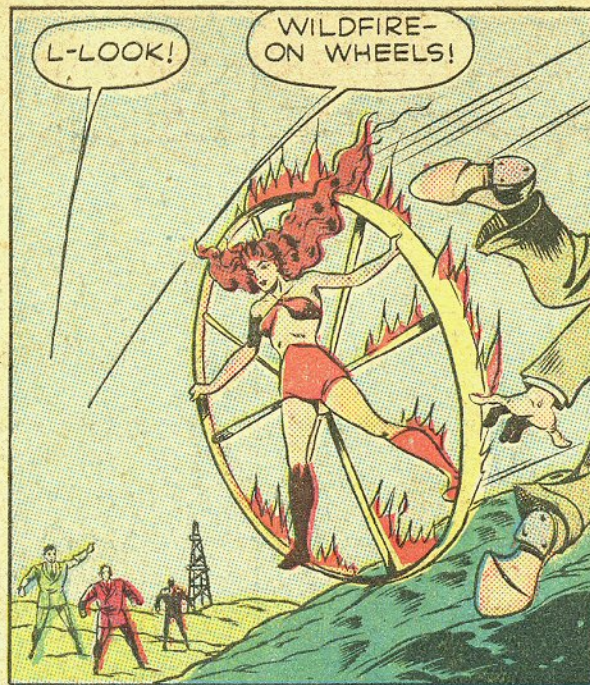
A TOWERING DERRICK FALLS IN A SHOWER OF FLAMES ONTO THE UNCONSCIOUS WILDFIRE.



THAT HEAT! . . . FIRE! IT'S THAWED ME OUT! THE EFFECTS OF THE LIQUID AIR ARE OVERCOME!



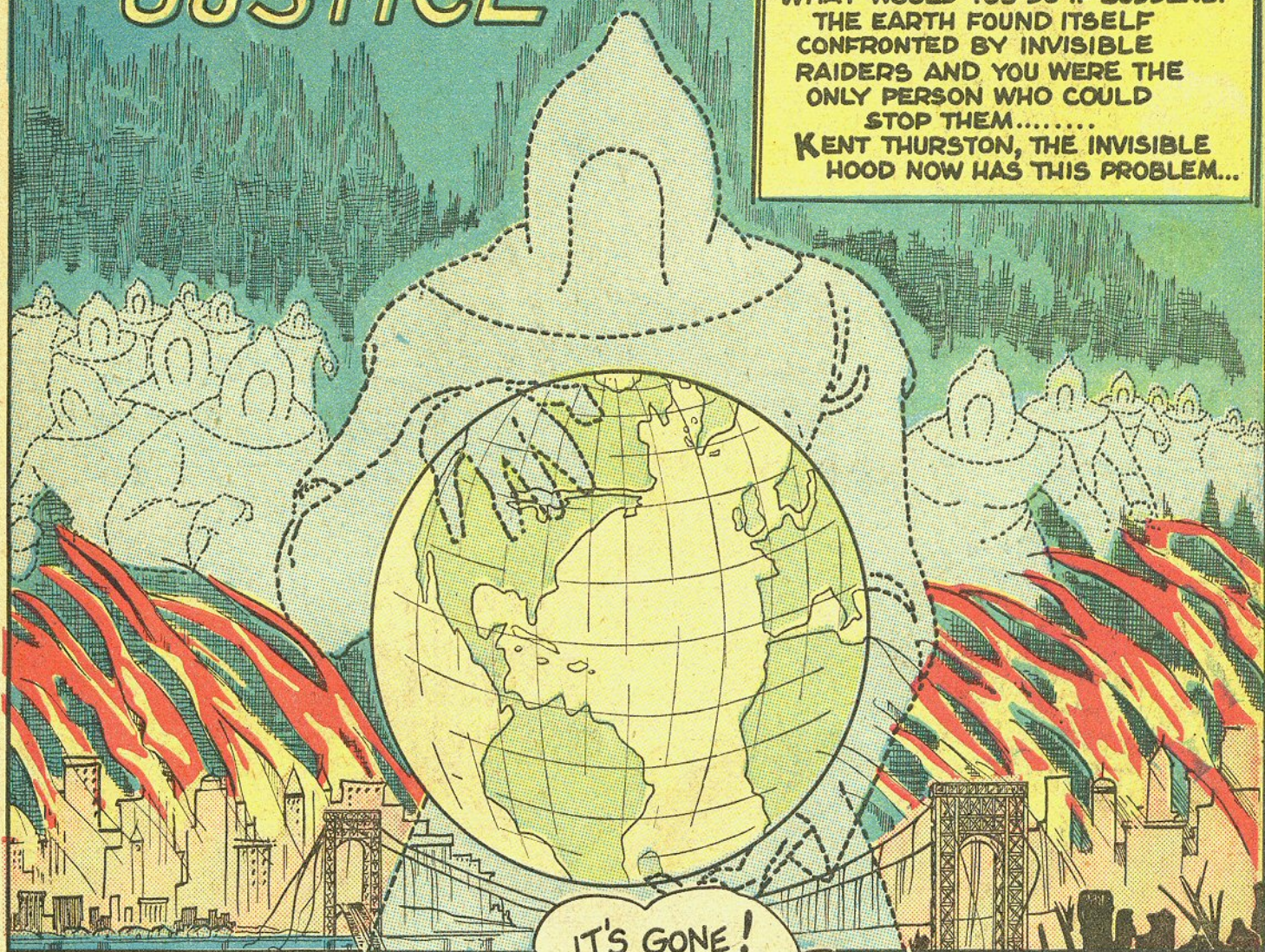
NOW IF I CAN STAY OUT OF THE WAY OF THOSE FREEZO GUNS, I'LL BATTLE IT OUT WITH THOSE THUGS!



INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SUDDENLY THE EARTH FOUND ITSELF CONFRONTED BY INVISIBLE RAIDERS AND YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD STOP THEM.....
KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD NOW HAS THIS PROBLEM...



IT'S GONE!

GREAT HEAVENS - MY SECRET OF INVISIBILITY IN THE HANDS OF SOME POWER-MAD CRIMINAL.....**NO!**

RETURNING HOME LATE ONE EVENING...

GREAT SCOTT! SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE... WAIT - MY HOOD!



AND AT THIS MOMENT....

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
INVISIBILITY.... IT'S MINE! I, THE WHITE WIZARD, WILL MAKE THE EYES OF THE WORLD USELESS!



INTO THE LONG HOURS OF THE NIGHT WORKS THE MASTER-MIND UNTIL....

THIS IS IT!
AHA - THE
SECRET CHEMICAL
WHICH COVERS
THE INVISIBLE
HOOD!

AND A FEW
DAYS LATER
THE EYES OF
THE CITY
ARE
POWERLESS
AS A
HORDE OF
INVISIBLE
RAIDERS
ARE
RAMPANT
AMONG
THEM...



AT THE DEFIANCE AIRCRAFT
FACTORY....

GENTLEMEN-
I AM PLEASED
TO ANNOUNCE-
WHAT'S
THAT?

TH'
DOOR'S
OPENING-

BUT I
SEE NO
ONE...

WHAT
TH-?

ALL RIGHT-I'LL TAKE
THAT NEW CONTRACT...
FROM NOW ON
WE'RE TAKING
OVER THIS
FACTORY!
YOU'RE OUR
PROPERTY!

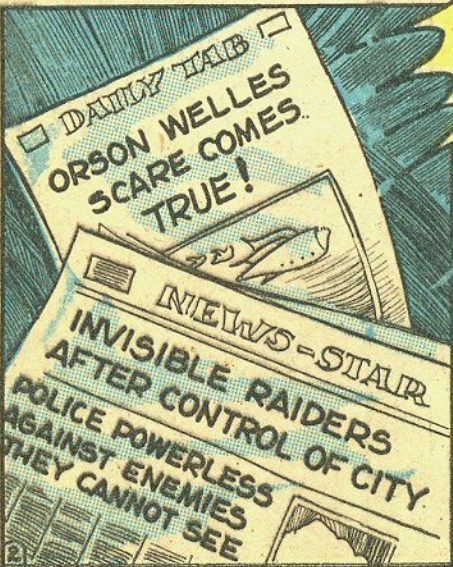
THIS
IS A
JOKE!
CALL
THE
POLICE!

BUT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

YOU'RE
TAKIN'
ORDERS
FROM
US!

BUT I CAN'T
SEE YOU--
GREAT SCOTT!
RAIDERS FROM
SPACE-

THE NEWSPAPERS ECHO THE
POLICE CHIEF'S WILD GUESS....

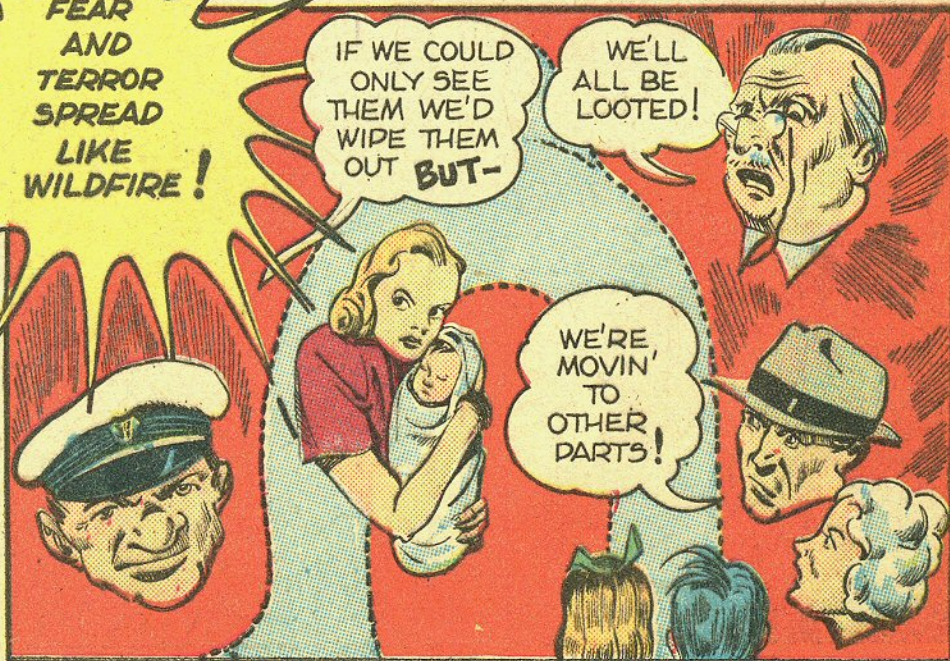


FEAR
AND
TERROR
SPREAD
LIKE
WILDFIRE!

IF WE COULD
ONLY SEE
THEM WE'D
WIPE THEM
OUT BUT-

WE'LL
ALL BE
LOOTED!

WE'RE
MOVIN'
TO
OTHER
PARTS!



MEANWHILE...



THIS COULD ONLY BE

THE WORK OF THE WHITE WIZARD- HE SWORE HE'D COME BACK AT ME WHEN I DESTROYED HIS UNDERGROUND CITY -

LATER-ON THE STREET.....



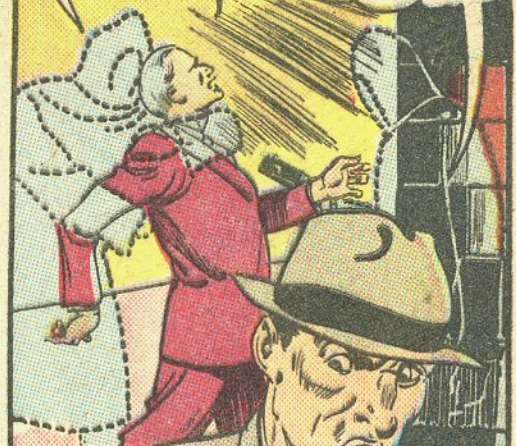
I'VE GOT TO STOP ALL THIS BEFORE IT SPREADS... HEY!

HELP!

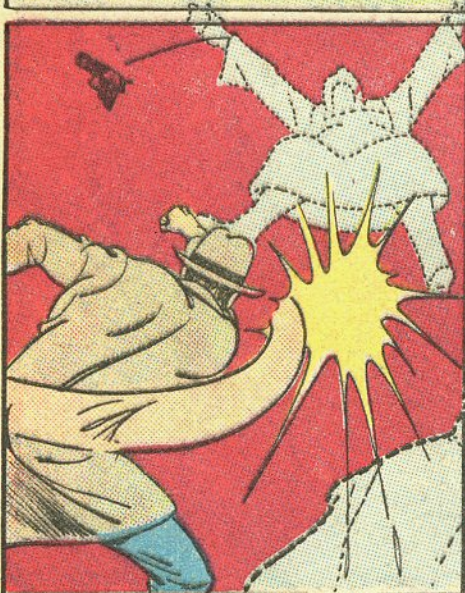
YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US, DOCTOR!

No-

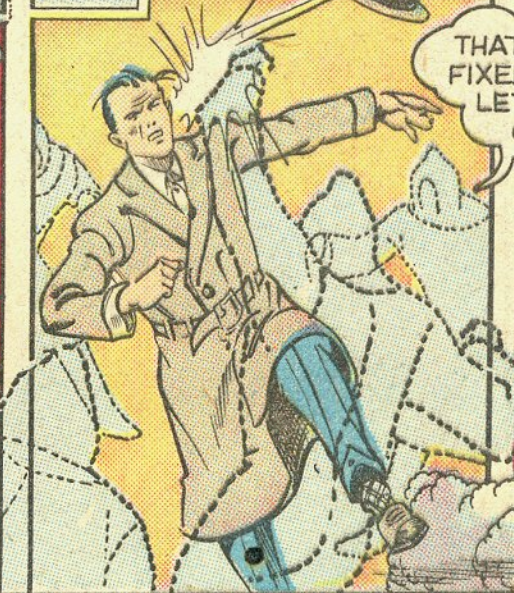
IT'S TH' RAIDERS- THEY'RE ALL AROUND US..



THURSTON PITCHES IN TO HELP AND CONNECTS LUCKILY...



BUT THE INVISIBLE MEN ARE ON HIM...



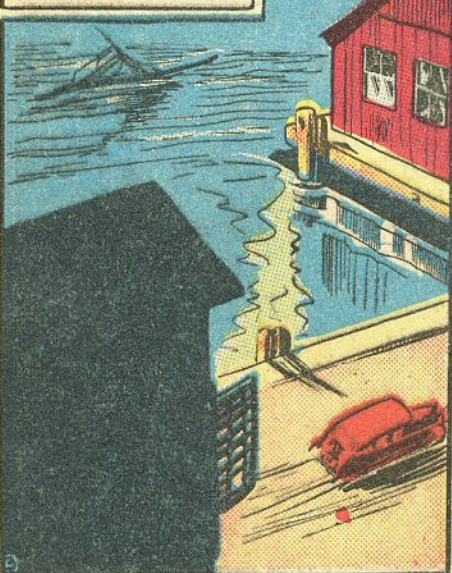
THAT FIXED 'IM! LET'S GO!

MADE IT!

BUT AS THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY..



THEY SPEED THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF THE WATERFRONT....



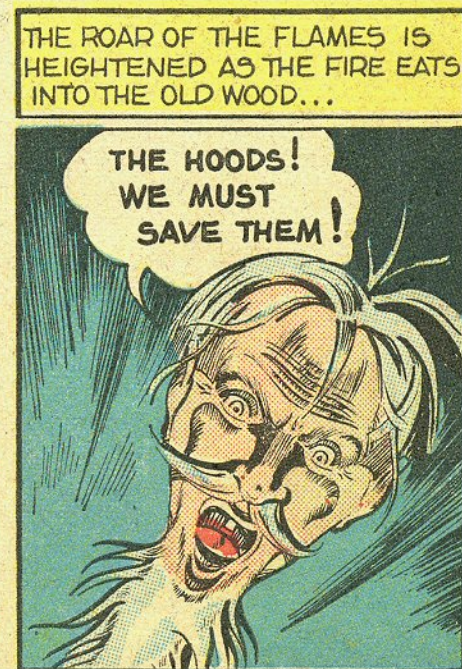
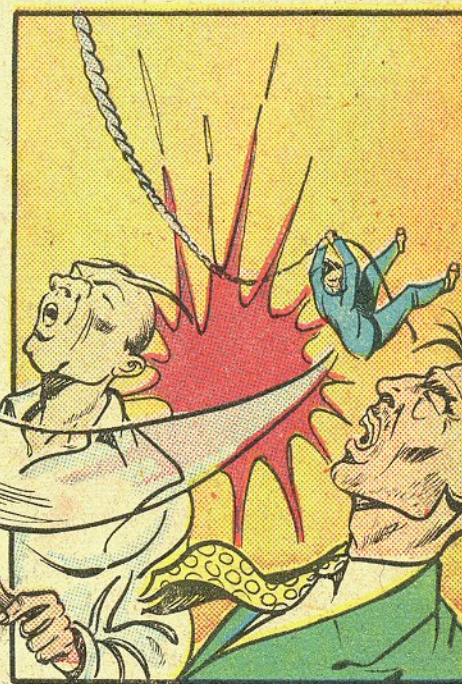
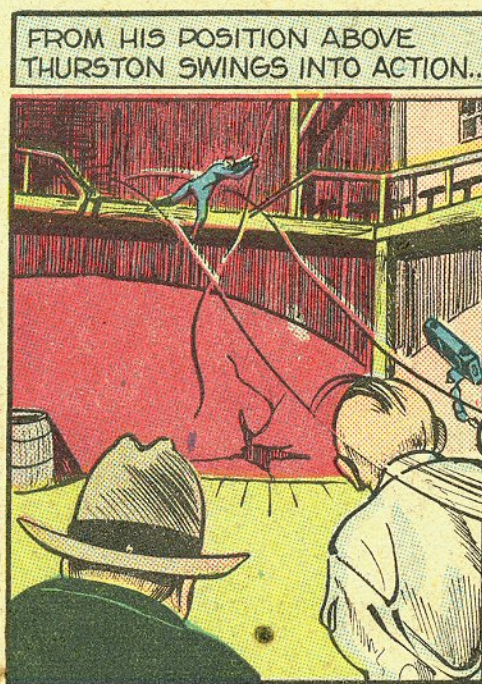
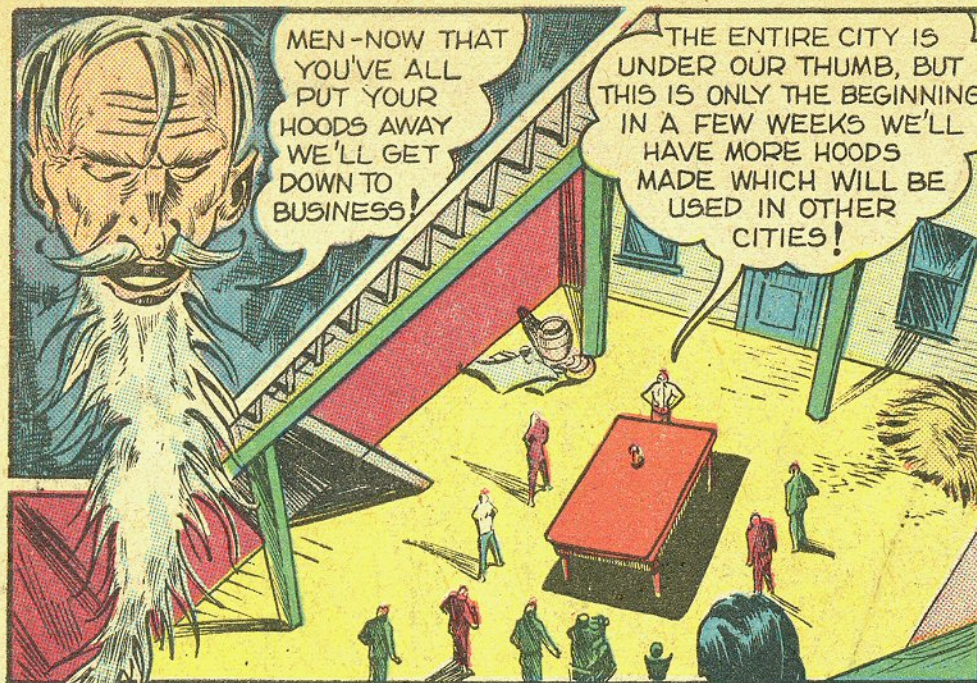
AND STOP BEFORE AN OLD BOATHOUSE JUTTING OUT INTO THE LAPPING WATERS.....



MINUTES LATER-AS THURSTON ENTERS THE BOATHOUSE.....



I KNEW IT! THERE'S THE WHITE WIZARD HIMSELF!



AS HIS MORTAL ENEMY MAKES FOR THE COVETED ROOM, THURSTON MAKES FOR HIM...



A POWERFUL BLOW SENDS THE WHITE WIZARD REELING.....



LIKE A FLASH HE DONS A HOOD.



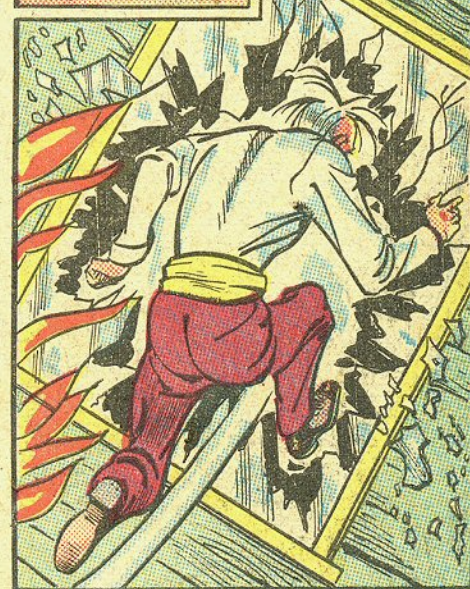
THE BURNING RAFTERS COME CRASHING DOWN ON THE CROOKS WHO FLOUNDER IN THE SMOKE....



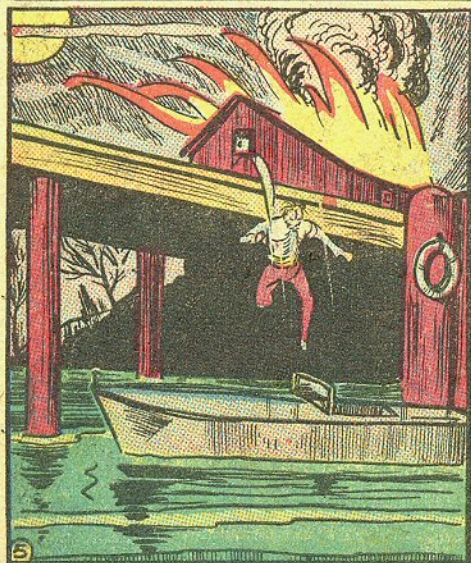
AS THE WIZARD SEES THURSTON DISAPPEAR INTO THE HOOD, HE ACTS....



AND GOES CRASHING THROUGH A WINDOW.....



WITH A FEW BROAD JUMPS HE LEAPS INTO A HIDDEN BOAT BENEATH THE PIER.....



AS THE VICTORIOUS INVISIBLE HOOD COMES RUNNING OUT OF THE BURNING BOATHOUSE.....



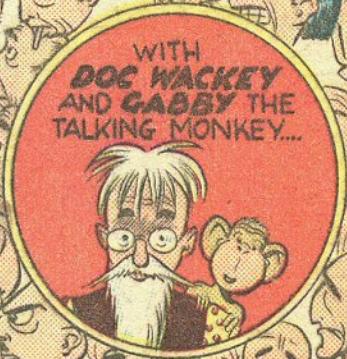
LATER



ANOTHER THRILLING
ADVENTURE WITH



MIDNIGHT!!!
THE MERE MENTION
OF THE NAME BRINGS
TERROR TO THE FACES
OF HARDBITTEN
CRIMINALS !!
THIS ENEMY OF
CRIME IS REALLY
DAVE CLARK,
SPOT ANNOUNCER
FOR STATION UXAM.
BUT WHEN NIGHT'S
INKY BLACKNESS
DESCENDS, HE
DONS THE BLACK
GARB OF **MIDNIGHT**
AND CONTINUES
HIS RELENTLESS
WAR ON THE
UNDERWORLD!!



WITH
DOC WACKEY
AND **GABBY** THE
TALKING MONKEY....

THE MAN MOST FEARED BY THE UNDERWORLD!

**THE
CASE
OF THE
YEHUDI
MURDER!**

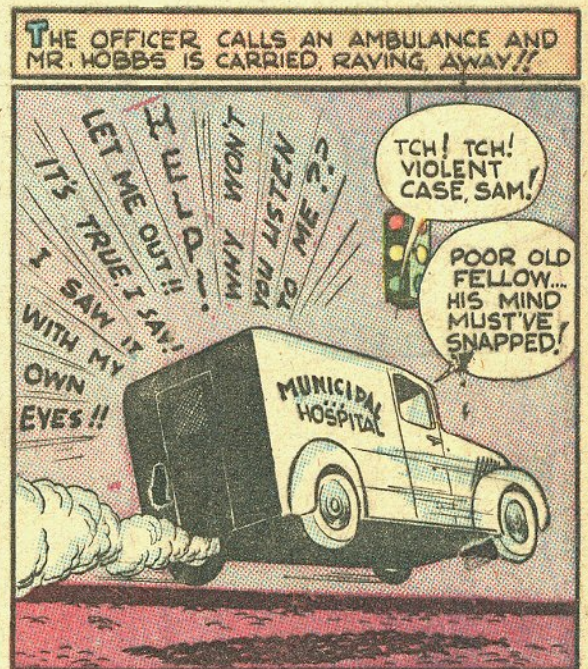
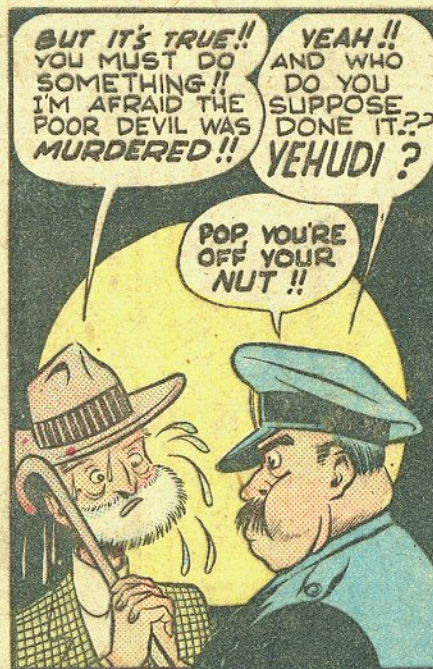
by
**JACK
COLE**

BEAL STREET IS NEARLY DESERTED AS OLD
MR. HOBBS AMBLE'S HOME... SUDDENLY.....



PLEASE, MISTER!!
CALL A DOCTOR...
I'M DYING.....
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME!!!

Y-YES, YES!!
RIGHT AWAY!!



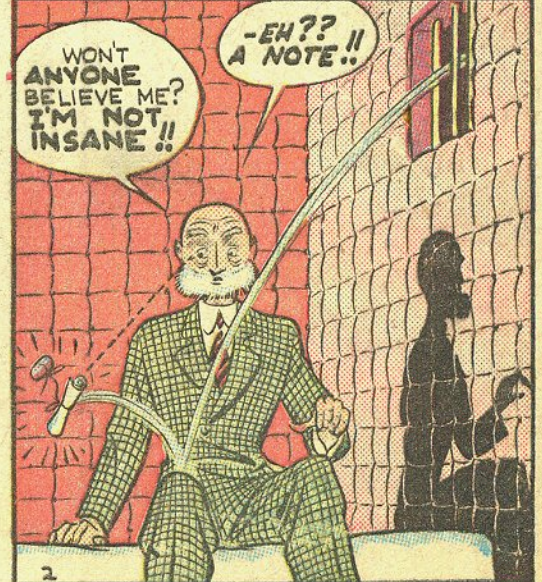
DURING THE COURSE OF EXAMINATION
AT THE HOSPITAL, MR. HOBBS SPIES
A NEWSPAPER.....



SHERIFF J.J. STANBAUGH
RECEIVES A CALL.....



WHEREUPON IT'S THE PADDED CELL FOR
POOR OLD BACHELOR HOBBS.....





OUTSIDE THE CHAMPION OF JUSTICE
CONFERS WITH HIS AMAZING HELPER,
GABBY THE TALKING MONKEY.....



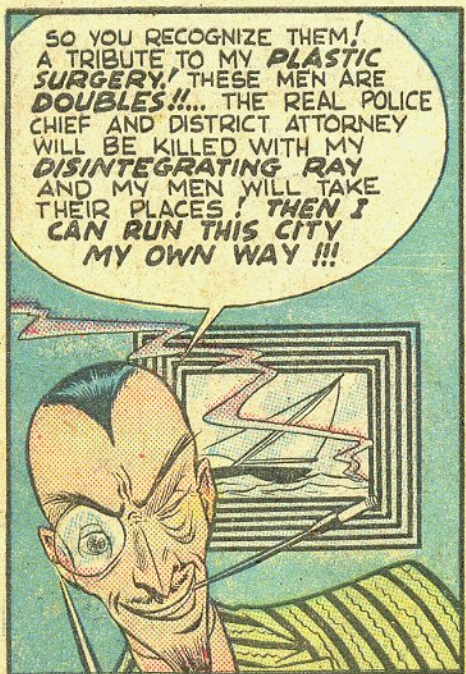
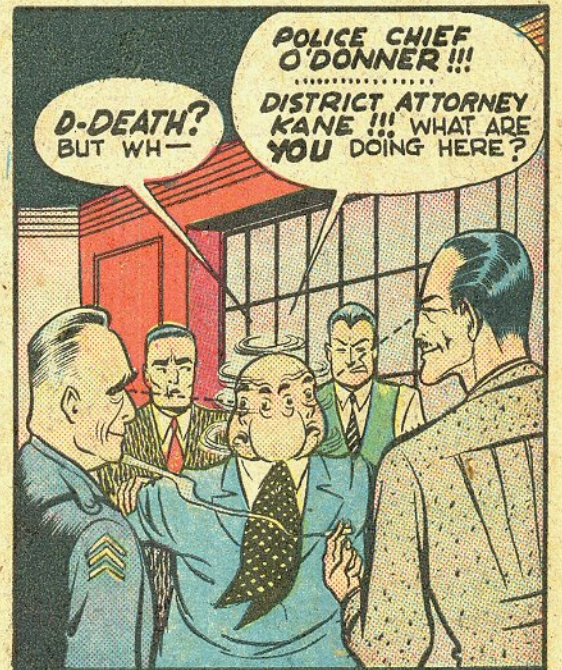
USING HIS WRIST RADIO **MIDNIGHT**
CALLS **DOC WACKY** WHO IS
IN HIS SECRET LABORATORY.....



LET US TURN NOW TO THE SWANKY
APARTMENT OF ONE **PROF CRAFT**....



TWO THUGS GRAB THE **MAYOR**
AS HE ENTERS CRAFT'S SUITE.....



MAYOR SMITH IS STRAPPED INTO A
CHAIR, PLEADING FOR HIS LIFE.....



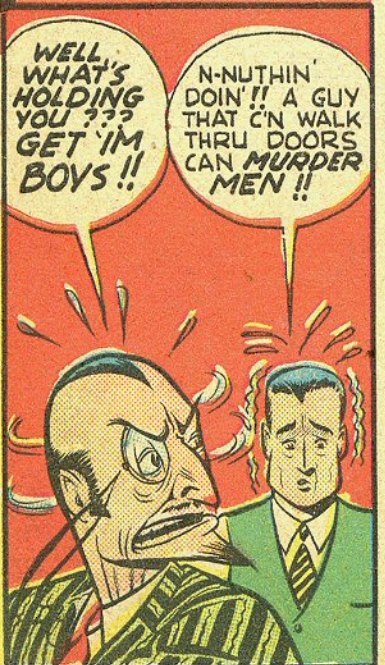
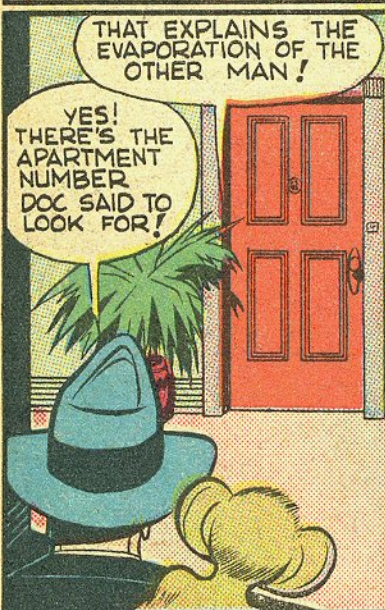
AT THIS INSTANT DOC WACKY SPIES THE PROCEEDINGS IN HIS POWERFUL **VISOSCOPE**.....



DOC RADIOS ORDERS....



INSIDE THE APARTMENT BLDG...

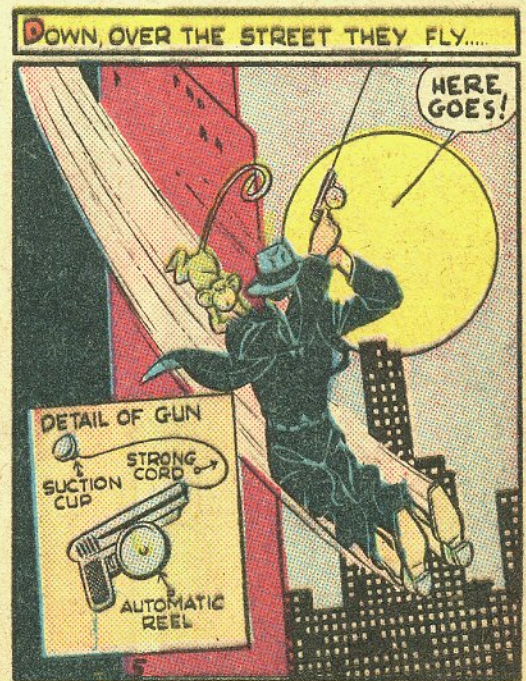
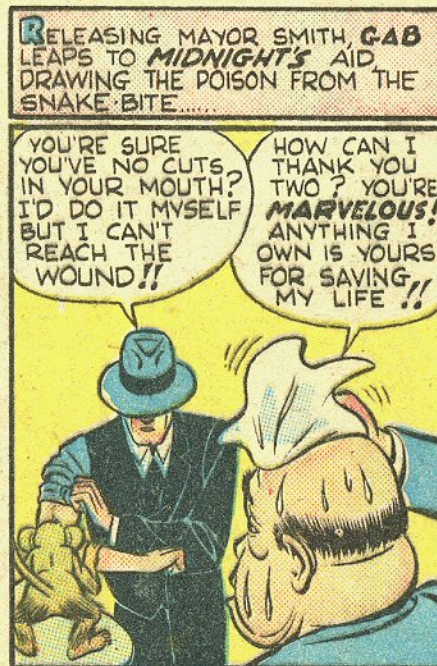
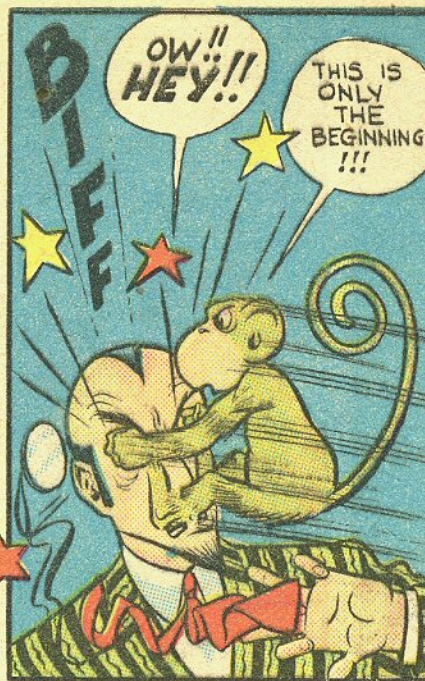


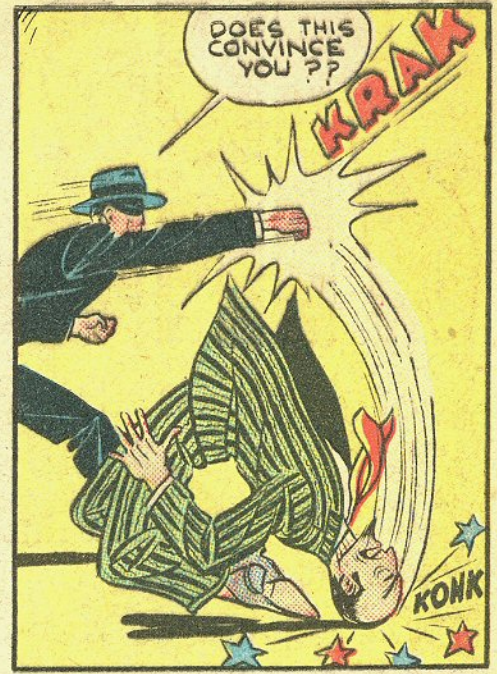
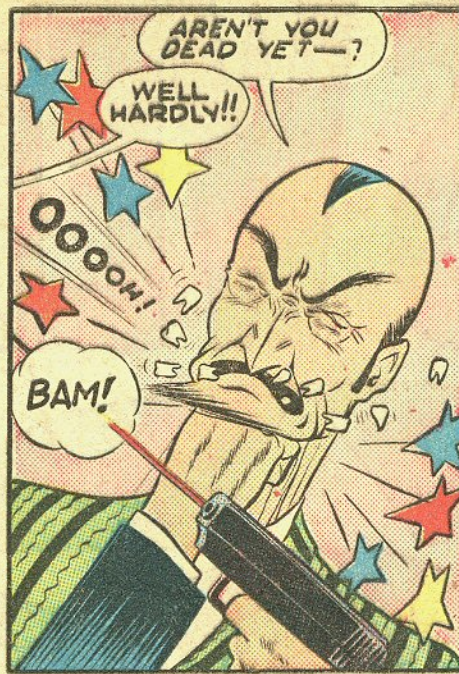
PROFESSOR CRAFT SEIZES A CAGE OF EXPERIMENTAL SNAKES AND THROWS....



AS THE CAGE CRASHES AGAINST THE WALL BEHIND **MIDNIGHT** THE SNAKE DROPS ON HIM.....



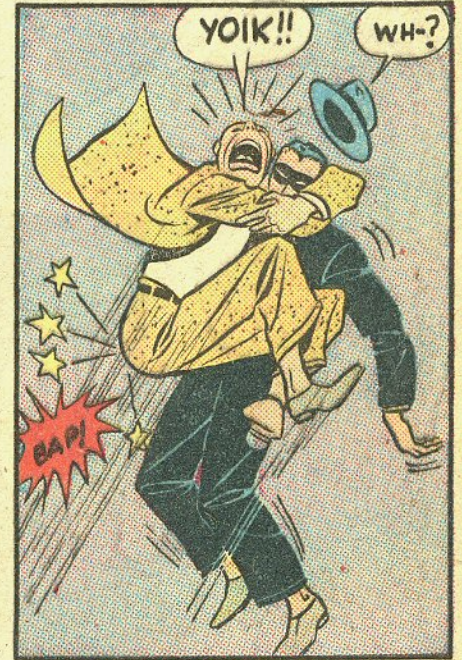




CRAFT'S COHORTS ARE PETRIFIED WITH FEAR AT THE SIGHT OF MIDNIGHT.



BUT UNDER A TABLE GABBY TAKES DEADLY AIM WITH A RUBBER BAND AND SPIT-BALL



WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDES MIDNIGHT EMERGES VICTORIOUS

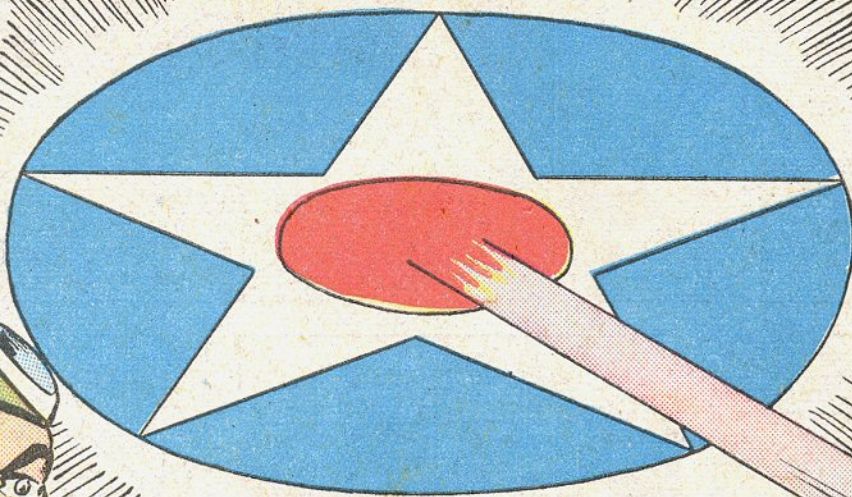


Read the next adventure of Midnight in the February issue of SMASH COMICS.

WINGS WENDALL

by
VERNON
HENKEL

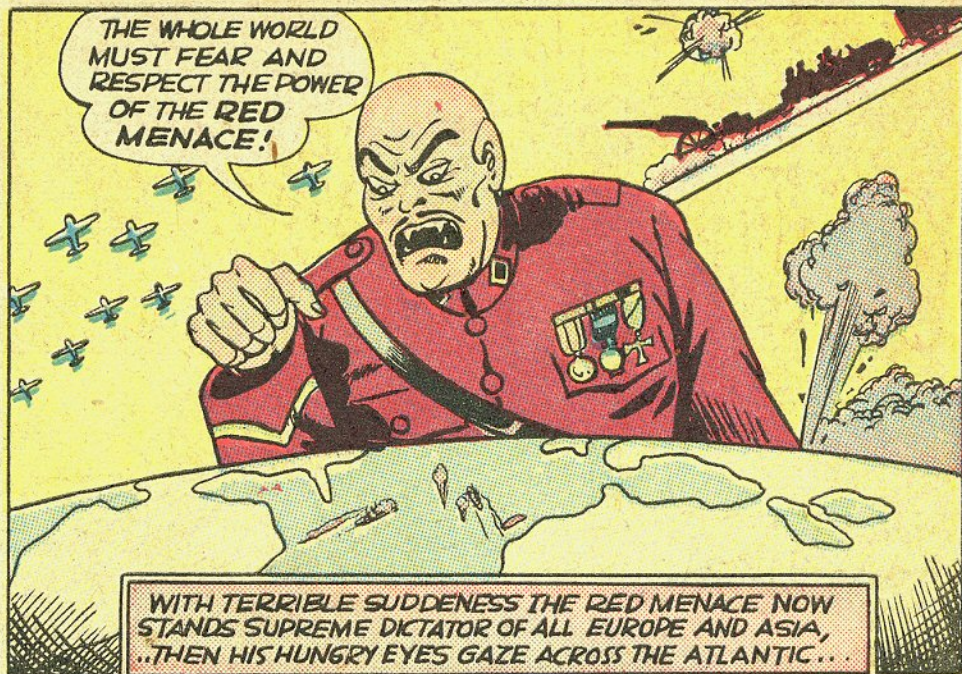
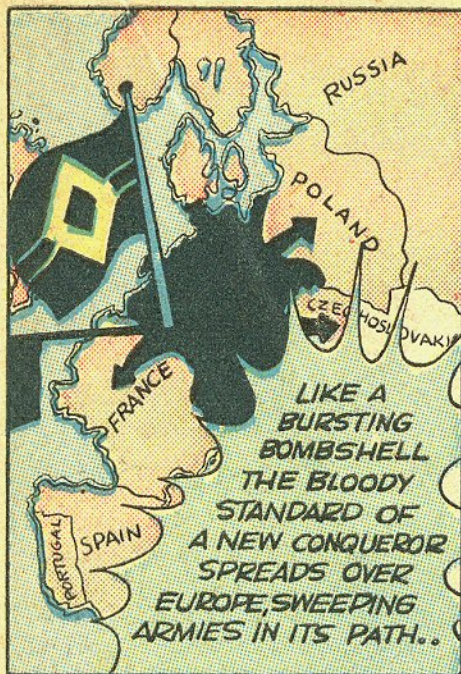
OUT OF THE SKY
LIKE A SILVER BULLET
COMES WINGS WENDALL,
AMERICA'S GREATEST
DEFENDER, TO MATCH
WITS AGAINST THE
DEADLIEST MENACE
THE WORLD HAS EVER
KNOWN... THE LEGIONS
OF THE RED
MENACE!!



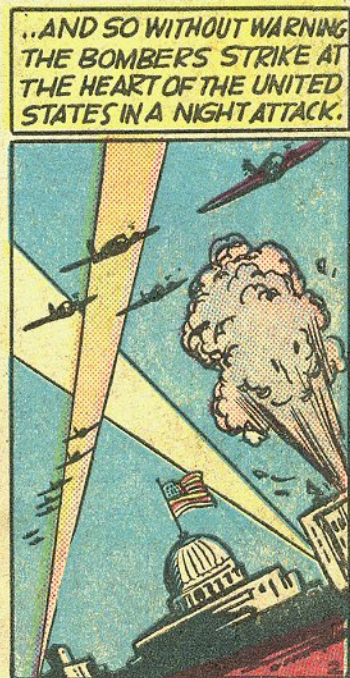
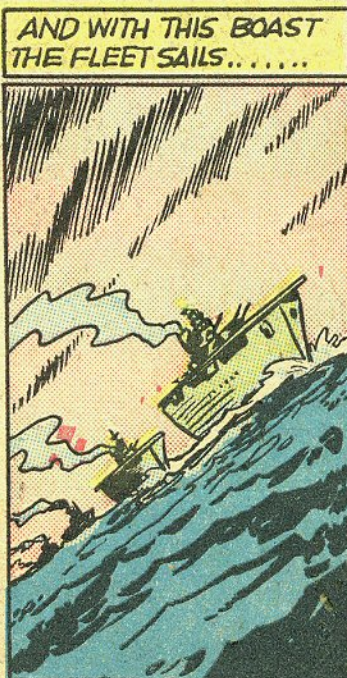
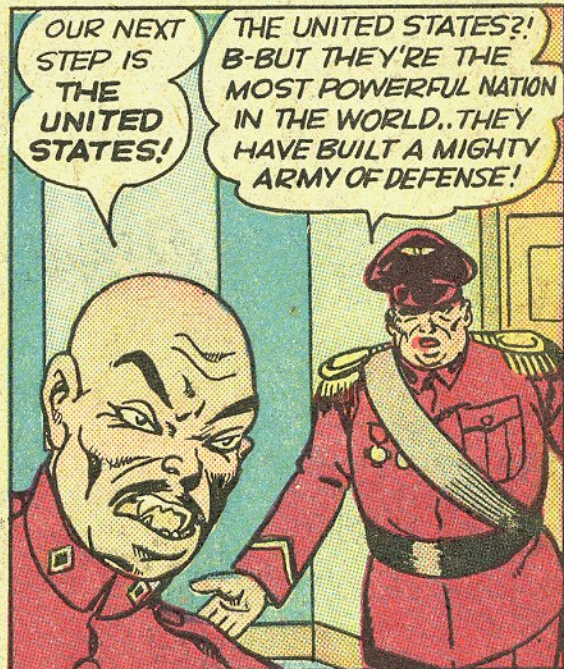
WORLD WAR



THE FOUR HORSEMEN RIDE
AGAIN—WAR, FAMINE,
PESTILENCE AND DEATH
GALLOPING OVER EUROPE—
DESTROYING ALL CIVILIZATION
IN THEIR PATH... MEN AND
MACHINES CLASH IN GREAT
BATTLES OF ANNIHILATION—
WOMEN AND CHILDREN DIE IN
RUTHLESS BOMBING ATTACKS

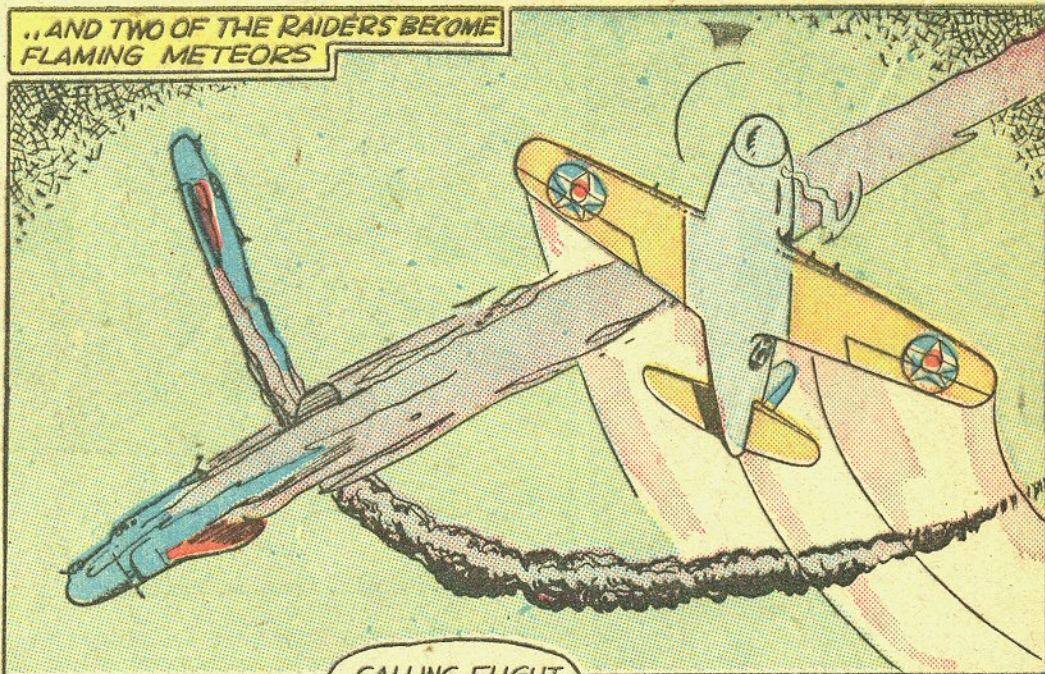


IN THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE RED MENACE AT DAKAR.....

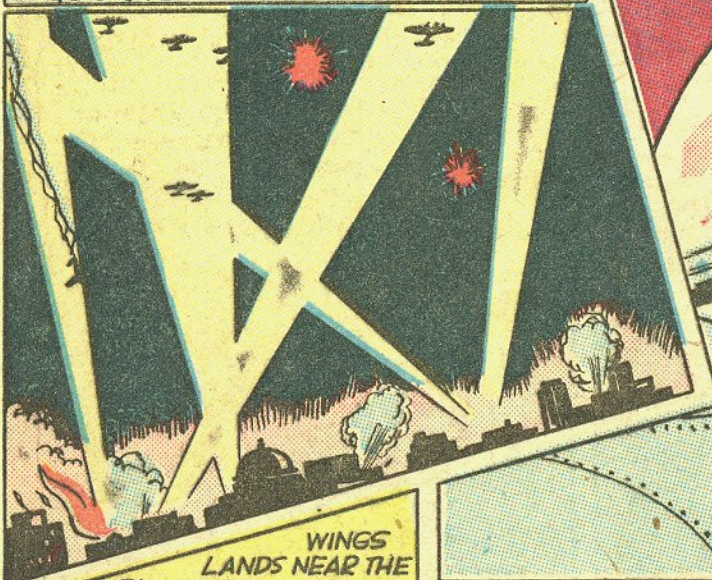


WINGS WENDALL, THE WORLD'S GREATEST FLYER ZOOMS UP TO MEET THE CHALLENGE..

..AND TWO OF THE RAIDERS BECOME FLAMING METEORS



GIANT SEARCHLIGHTS PICK OUT THE ENEMY BOMBERS AND THE DEFENDERS ARE QUICK TO FIND THEIR TARGETS...



CALLING FLIGHT "A".. CONTINUE ATTACK.... AM FOLLOWING DISABLED ENEMY CRAFT TO GROUND..



WINGS LANDS NEAR THE PLANE HE HAD SHOT DOWN



I HAVE LUCK,, THE PILOT IS ONLY WOUNDED!



COME DOWN-YOU ARE A PRISONER OF WAR!

ALRIGHT, STOOGE, OPEN UP! WHERE DID THOSE PLANES COME FROM? WHERE IS YOUR BASE?

THE WORLD IS LOST.. 'GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!

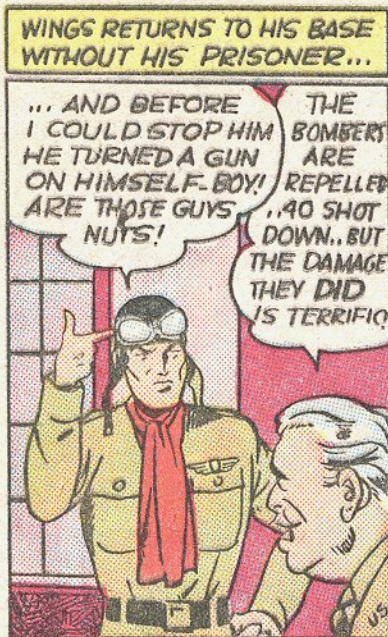




YOU HAVE A VERY FATALISTIC OUTLOOK ON THE FUTURE...WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR COUNTRY'S TEACHINGS FOR A NEW WORLD ORDER? HEY!

I DARE NOT BETRAY THE RED MENACE!

BANG



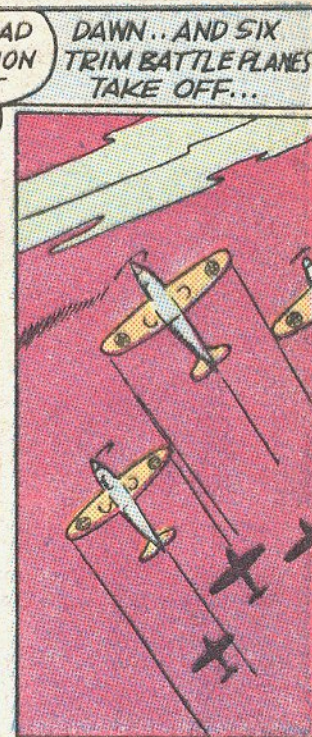
WINGS RETURNS TO HIS BASE WITHOUT HIS PRISONER...

... AND BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM HE TURNED A GUN ON HIMSELF. BOY! ARE THOSE GUYS NUTS!

THE BOMBERS ARE REPELLED...40 SHOT DOWN..BUT THE DAMAGE THEY DID IS TERRIFIC!



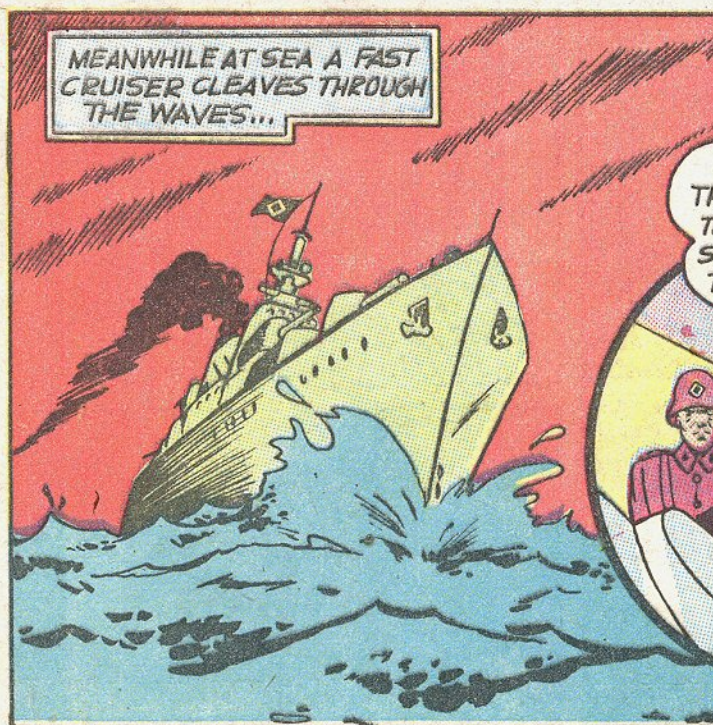
SIR, THOSE BOMBERS HAD TO COME FROM A POSITION CLOSE TO US.. I WANT TO LEAD A SCOUTING FORCE TO FIND THEIR BASE!



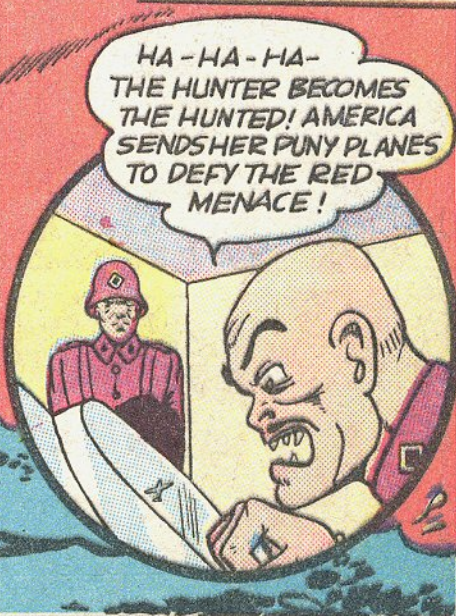
DAWN.. AND SIX TRIM BATTLE PLANES TAKE OFF...



CALLING FLIGHT... SEPARATE AND COMB ATLANTIC.. REPORT ANYTHING YOU FIND!



MEANWHILE AT SEA A FAST CRUISER CLEAVES THROUGH THE WAVES...



HA-HA-HA- THE HUNTER BECOMES THE HUNTED! AMERICA SENDS HER PUNY PLANES TO DEFY THE RED MENACE!



MAN THE "Z" RAY- I'LL BLAST 'EM AND THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!

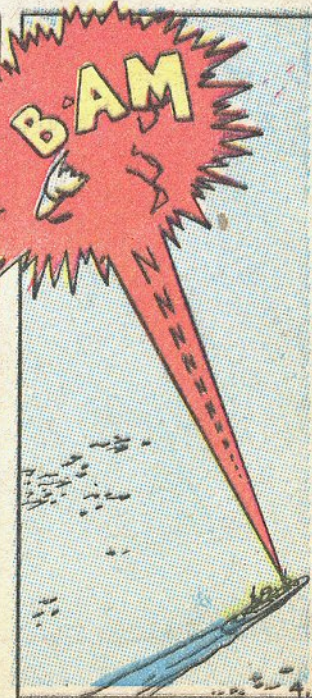


ONE OF WINGS' SCOUTING SHIPS SIGHTS THE WARSHIP

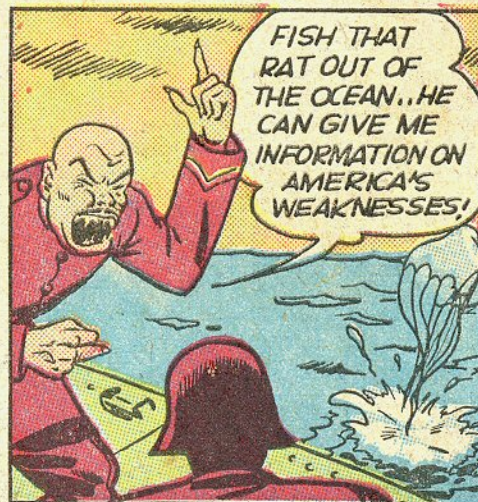
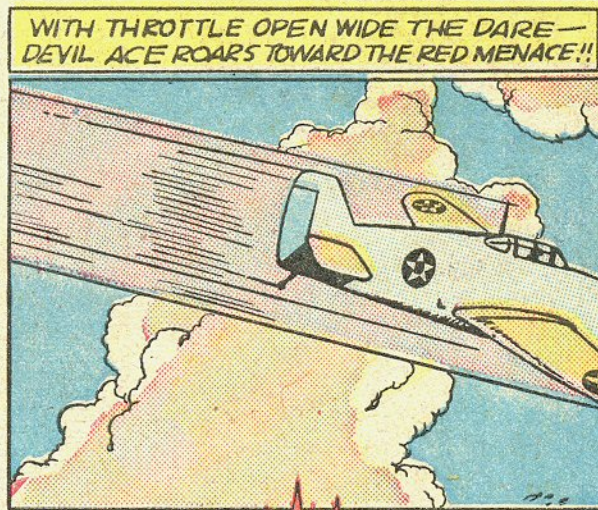
PLANE Z REPORTING ...HAVE SIGHTED ENEMY CRAFT MOVING TOWARD AMERICA!

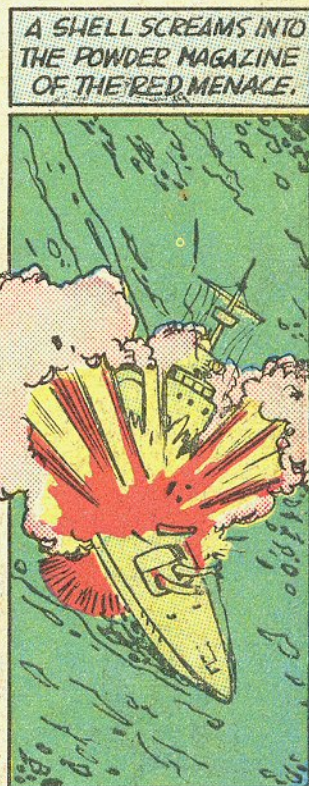
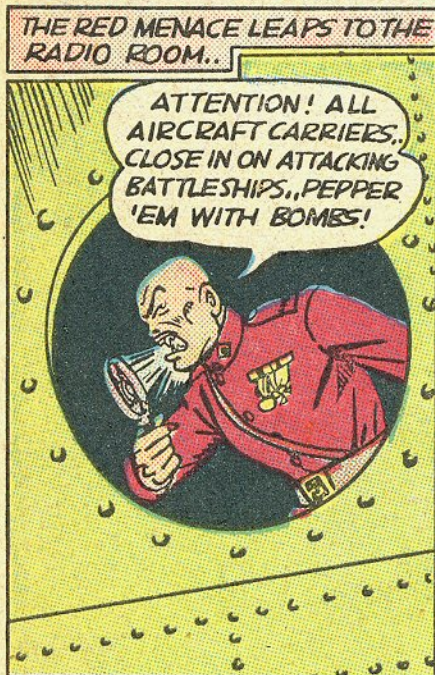


FIRE!



BAM





WINGS WENDALL HAS FOILED THE ATTACK ON NEW YORK.. BUT THE RED MENACE HAS ESCAPED AND HE MAY NOT GIVE UP HIS PLANS TO CONQUER THE UNITED STATES!!!
BE SURE TO READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS

LOCK YOUR WINDOWS...CLOSE YOUR DOORS...MURDEROUS MIKE IS ON THE LOOSE...FRESH OUT OF PRISON THE HARD WAY!!

WUN CLOO

the DEFECTIVE !!
DETECTIVE !!

POIFECT NIGHT FOR A BREAK...
CEILING ZERO, A FIVE WATT MOON
AND MY HOROSCOPE
READS FAVORABLY!

INSIDE THE PRISON; WARDEN IPSWITCH IS NIGH NUTS !!

—AND OUR BLOOD-
HOUNDS ALL AWAY
ON VACATION—WITH
PAY!

WE'LL
HAVE TO
CALL IN
WUN CLOO!

WARDEN

WHAT? MURDEROUS
MIKE OUT OF KLINK??
DON'T WORRY, WUN
CLOO CATCHUM
PLENTY PRONTO!

WUN CLOO DOESN'T
NEED BLOODHOUNDS
TO TRAIL CROOK...
GOT STRONG SMELLER
OF MY OWN!

AH! I'VE
FOUND HIS
SCENT!

MUST KEEP
NOSE TO
TRAIL !!

SCENT
GROWING
STRONGER!

SNIFF
SNIFF

SNIFF!
SNIFF!

CLOSER!

CLOSER!

CLOSER!

LATER, THE WARDEN GETS A CALL:

THIS IS WUN CLOO!
YOUR ESCAPED
CONVICT IS NOW IN
COUNTY JAIL! SEND
REWARD OVER TO
CITY HOSPITAL!

FINE!
BUT WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?
THERE?

JUST SITTING HERE
WONDERING WHY YOU
DIDN'T TELL ME HE
HAD ATHLETE'S
FOOT !!!

—CASE 67—
ACUTE
ATHLETE'S
NOSE

THE Purple TRIO

by S. M. Regi



A BUS TEARS DOWN A PALM-FRINGED FLORIDA HIGHWAY TOWARD THE STATION.

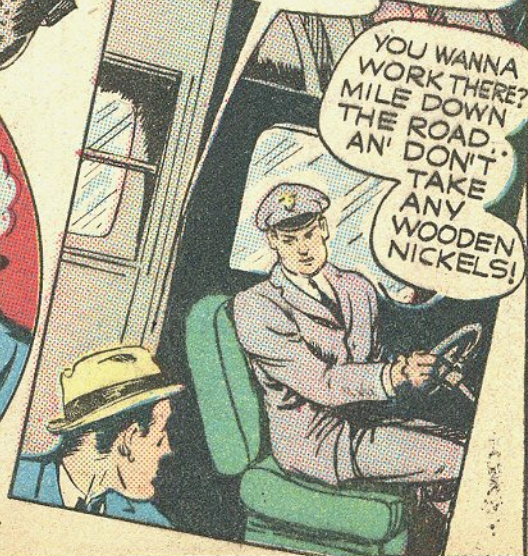
THE FAMOUS VAUDEVILLE TEAM OF ROCKY A STRONG MAN, WARREN A VENTRILOQUIST, AND TINY, THEIR MIDGET PAL, APPEAR TONIGHT IN THE VENUS ARMS, FLORIDA'S FIRST HOTEL..

The BUS STOPS AND..

WHEW! ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN! AM I SORE!

DRIVER, WHERE'S THE VENUS ARMS, FLORIDA'S FINEST HOTEL?

YOU WANNA WORK THERE? MILE DOWN THE ROAD. AN' DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS!



WEARILY THEY PUFF DOWN THE DUSTY ROAD...

HMM.. WONDER WHAT THE BUSMAN MEANT BY THAT CRACK? AIN'T THE VENUS ARMS A HIGH CLASS JERNT?

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON!

NUTS! NOT SOON ENOUGH! MY DOGS HURT.

REACHING THE HOTEL, THEY GO TO THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE.

TO EMPLOYMENT ENTRANCE

WHERE THE BURLY MANAGER INTERVIEWS THEM.

YES, SIR.. WE'VE HAD EXPERIENCE! ROCKY HERE IS A GOOD TRUNK TOSSEY, TINY'S A BELL HOP AND I'M A HEAD-WAITER PLUS!

OKAY.. YOU'RE HIRED.. GO THROUGH THAT DOOR FOR YOUR UNIFORMS AN' GIT TO WORK!

SA-AY.. NOBODY TOLD US ABOUT OUR PAY!

QUIT YOUR KICKING.. WE'LL EAT ANYWAY!

SOON EACH THIRD OF THE TRIO IS BUSY..

H-MM..SMELLS GOOD!

TINY TOTES A GUEST'S BAGGAGE TO THE ELEVATOR.

WHEW! THIS GUY MUST BE IN THE SCRAP IRON BUSINESS!

THE GUEST SURVEYS TINY HAUGHTILY..

MISTER..YOU CARTIN' A CONVOY WITH YOU?

MIND YOUR BUSINESS!

IN THE ROOM TINY DUMPS THE BAGS..THE GUEST FLIPS HIM A TIP.

THANK YOU, SIR!

HALF BUCK.. WHEE!

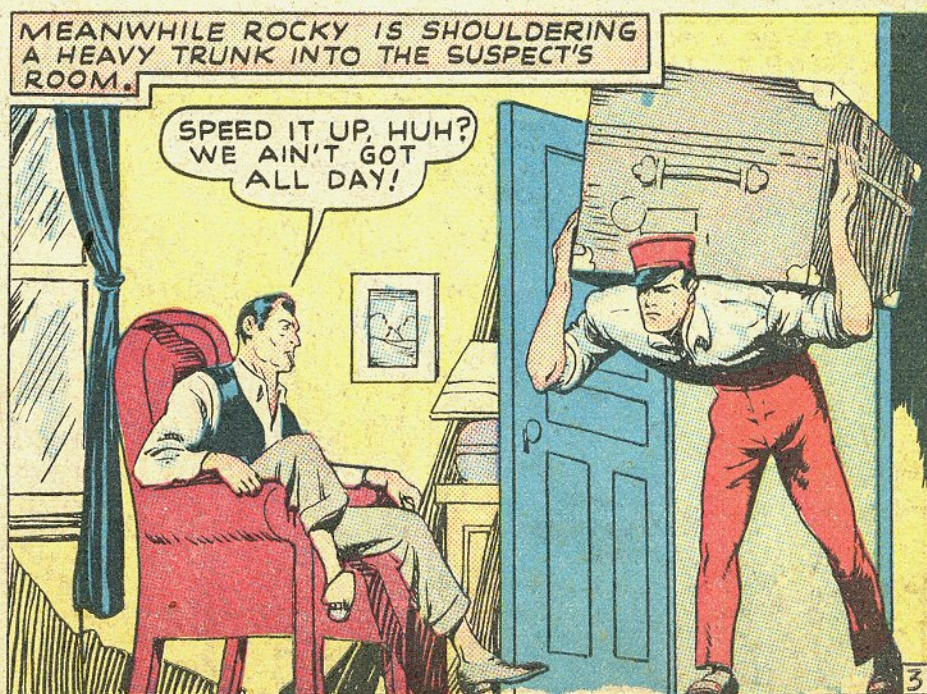
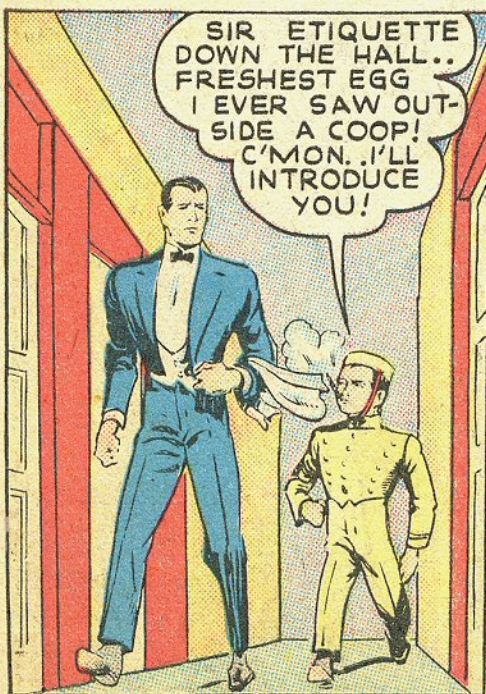
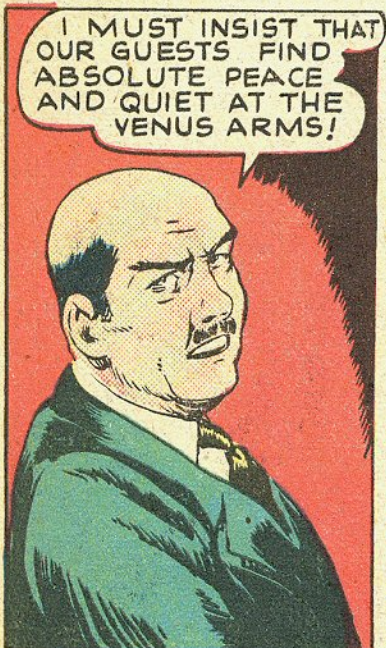
BUT OUTSIDE, TINY EXAMINES THE COIN.



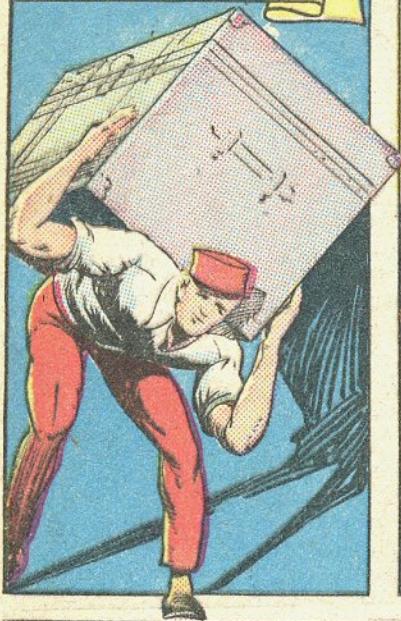
HE DARTS TO THE DINING ROOM DOOR AND.



WARREN THROWS HIS VOICE.

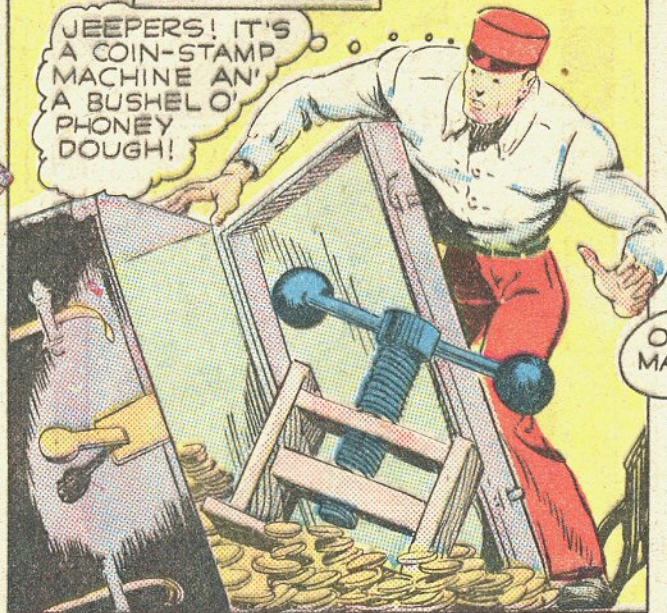


ROCKY STARTS TO LOWER THE TRUNK TO THE FLOOR...



WHERE IT BOUNCES AND SPLITS OPEN.

JEEPERS! IT'S A COIN-STAMP MACHINE AND A BUSHEL O' PHONEY DOUGH!

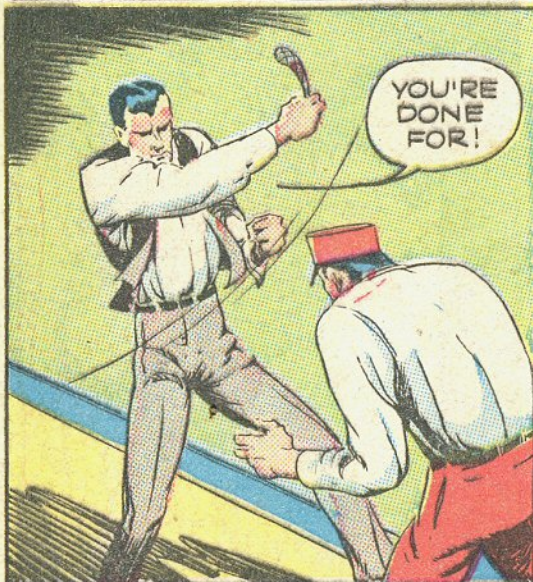


GRAB HIM, MUGGSY! HE AIN'T LIVIN' TO BLAB ON US!

OKAY, MARCO!



MUGGSY TAKES A SWIPE AT ROCKY WITH A BLACKJACK.



YOU'RE DONE FOR!

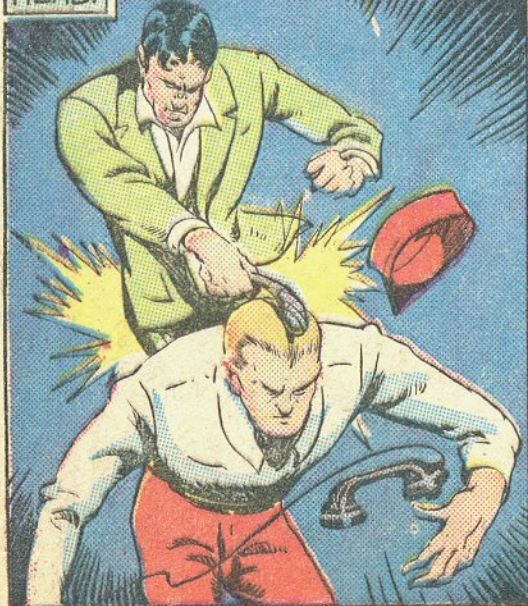
BUT THE STRONG MAN PASTES HIM TO THE WALL WITH A SOLID LEFT.



THEN, COLLARING THE THUG HE GRABS THE PHONE TO CALL THE MANAGER.



BUT MARCO CREEPS UP BEHIND AND CLOUTS ROCKY OVER THE HEAD.



OUT COLD, HE KEELS OVER INTO A CHAIR.

NOW I'LL CALL THE MANAGER!



HELLO? THIS THE HOTEL DESK? PLEASE SEE THAT THE PEOPLE IN THE NEXT ROOM ARE QUIETER. I CAN'T SLEEP!



IN THE HALL MEANTIME, TINY AND WARREN MEET A WAITER.



OUTSIDE ROOM 1224 HE RAPS ON THE DOOR.



LUNCHEON, GENTLEMEN.. ON THE HOUSE! COMPLIMENTS OF THE VENUS ARMS!



MARCO WHIPS OUT A GUN.



WARREN TOSSES THE TRAY... BUT AT MARCO, WHILE TINY DIVES THROUGH THE TRANSOM TO LAND ON MUGGSY'S NECK.



THE TRIO CLEANS UP THE ROOM... WITH THE COUNTERFEITERS...

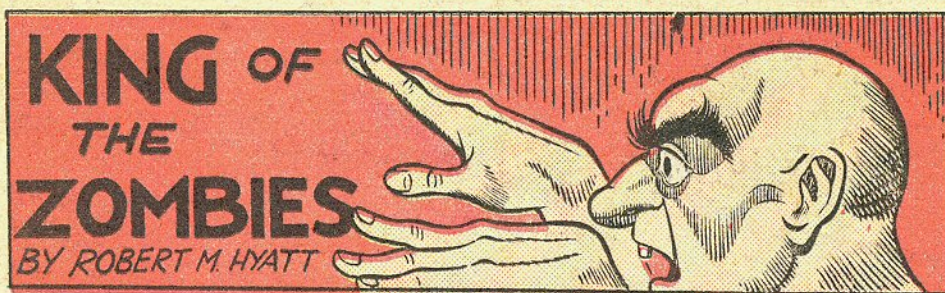


WHILE ROCKY COMES TO IN WALKS THE MANAGER.



THE TRIO EXPLAINS...





Jimmy Christian crawled to the edge of the precipice and looked down. Three thousand feet. And almost straight down. He turned and beckoned to Buck Conner, his companion on this dangerous venture.

"She's quiet as a graveyard down there; but we are going to have some climb—down!"

Buck poked his head over the cliff. "Whew!" he got out. "Some climb is right!"

Jimmy glanced around the valley. "Yeah. You know something, Buck, it's too quiet down here to suit me. You know, that sort of quiet that has something ominous in it."

Ominous fitted very well the whole adventure. The two youths had set out on a strange mission: they were looking for the "king of the Zombies." Jimmy had named them that in lieu of a better term, but that fitted them very well. They were just that—

walking dead. A race which spoke no word, and obeyed the awful commands of an invisible being which guided them by auto-suggestion.

At least that's how the dying Englishman, Barry, had described the people to Jimmy and Buck. But he had died too soon for them to learn many other details. Up the Zambezi . . . round valley . . . hypnotized tribe . . .

That's about all they had learned before the fatally wounded Barry had passed on. They had set out the same afternoon from Watumba, by dugout. They had traveled up the Zambezi river three hundred miles. Then they had been forced to trek into the jungle. They had found some traces of Barry's passing, and had pressed on.

Now they stood in the round valley. But of the Zombies they saw nothing.

"They can't be far away,"

Jimmy said. "Barry said they seldom left the valley, except to steal natives which they sold in the coast slave marts."

"Maybe they're on a slaving foray now," Buck hazarded. "Say, I'm hungry!"

They made a pot of tea and ate some tinned meat. Evening was drawing on, and they hoped to spot the cooking fires of the Zombies after dark. Buck had unstrapped a small black box from about his waist. It weighed a good ten pounds. Jimmy carried a similar box.

"Why can't we cache these things here somewhere?" Buck wanted to know. "They're too heavy to lug on the trail."

Jimmy shook his head. "Not on your life, Buck. They may come in handy yet. We'll keep 'em on—you never can tell."

Black darkness had engulfed them. Jimmy stood up, scanning the cloying darkness for a sign of fire. He saw none.

"Funny," he said. "Maybe there's a dip in the valley floor. Let's see if we can get through this tangle for a mile or so."

They pushed through the tall, sharp reeds and saw grass for at least two miles. Then Jimmy

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of SMASH COMICS, published monthly, at Buffalo, New York, for October 1, 1941.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn. Editor, Edward Cronin, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, 198 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1941.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

stopped abruptly with a low exclamation. "Look, Buck!"

The valley dropped away. A mile beyond them, and considerably lower, they could see many fires. It was a native village. The Zombies!

"Come on," said Jimmy exultantly. "Remember, if anything happens that we get separated, keep your key open—"

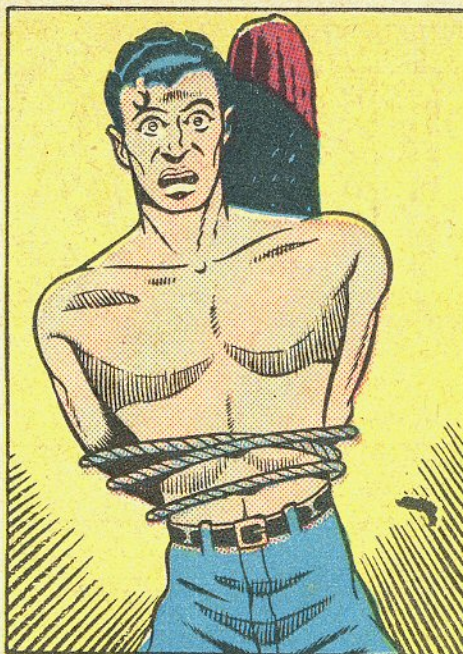
He had hardly said it when a dozen huge blacks leaped out of the jungle. He was bowled over by the impact of their massed bodies, and he went rolling down the incline to land in a deep cut. Above him he heard sounds of a struggle, and Buck cry out angrily. Then silence.

So they had nabbed Buck! Well, it was better that both had not been captured. Somehow, Jimmy knew, he would be able to rescue his companion. He hoped Buck had remembered to open his key . . .

Jimmy approached the edge of the clearing surrounding the village warily. Long before he reached it, he heard the savage half wild dogs barking. The men had brought in their prisoner! Jimmy's flesh crawled. What would they do to Buck? The weird demon who controlled these people would certainly devise some gruesome torture.

Buck was tied to a post in the middle of the clearing. As Jimmy watched, planning, several huge black men filed out of a large hut and marched toward Buck. The leader held a long knife. They walked in step, like automatons, as if sound asleep.

They halted in front of their victim. Buck looked at them, disdainfully Jimmy thought, and said nothing. The leader raised his gleaming knife. Then a strange thing happened. A blast of ear-shattering Zombie words filled the air. They came from Buck, yet he hadn't opened his mouth! The staccato words reeled off, words of threatening import,



words that carried the Zombie curse.

The blacks fell back, staring in horror at their intended victim, and at each other. Buck stood, watching them, his mouth tight closed. Then from a hut dashed a ragged figure, making fantastic passes with his hands. He stumbled, fell, and several blacks leaped upon him. Jimmy dashed into the clearing, with his automatic out.

"Stop!" he shouted in Zombie. He had picked up a few Watambi words. The blacks obeyed, eyeing

him fearfully. Jimmy cut Buck loose, winking at him. Then he went over to the fallen "king." The big knife protruded from the man's lean ribs.

"So you found me!" the dying man grated, blood frothing his lips. "So what! You'll never take me back to hang! You'll never—"

He died then. Jimmy faced the Negroes and gave a brief talk in their jargon. Never again would they be enslaved. They were free. A great shout went up from them.

"Well, that's that," said Jimmy to Buck. "You know who that chap was? Ernholdt—that hypnotist who murdered his wife in London five years ago and vanished. He had quite a racket here, keeping his raiders under his spell and making them steal slaves for him."

Buck chuckled. "Glad we carried these two-way radios, after all, Jimmy. I remembered to open the key when they jumped me."

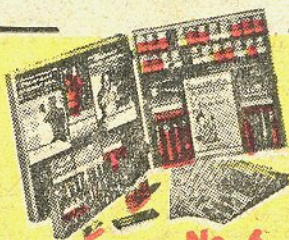
ANOTHER JIMMY CHRISTIAN THRILLER
IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF
SMASH COMICS
ON SALE DECEMBER 19TH

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ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X



BY
ERWIN

THE FEARLESS
SECRET AGENT,
BLACK X, WITH
HIS TRUSTY
HINDU SERVANT,
BATU, FINDS
THAT OIL ON
TROUBLED
WATERS MEANS
MORE TROUBLE
BELOW THE
SURFACE.

ON ORDERS FROM
COLONEL ATWATER,
BLACK X FLIES TO THE
NAVAL BASE AT SAN
PEDRO, CALIFORNIA.

BLACK X? YOU'RE THE
MAN TO SOLVE THIS
MYSTERY. WE CAN'T
FIND HOW HOSTILE
U-BOATS ARE GETTING
OIL AND
SUPPLIES?

HMM!
SOUNDS INTER-
ESTING? ANY CLUES,
COMMANDER?

WE'VE
SCoured
THE COAST
FROM PUGET
SOUND TO
PANAMA. ALL
WE FOUND
WAS OIL SCUM
ON BAY
DESCANSO
ACROSS THE
MEXICAN
BOUNDARY.

I'LL GO TO
WORK ON
THAT, BUT
REMEMBER,
COMPLETE
SECRECY
MUST
COVER
MY ACTIONS



BLACK X IS UNAWARE THAT A HIDDEN MICROPHONE IN THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE CARRIES HIS VOICE TO TREACHEROUS EARS.

MITO! WARN OUR MEN THAT BLACK X IS COMING DOWN HERE!

YES, CAPTAIN.

TAKE NO CHANCES WITH BLACK X. HE'S A DANGEROUS MAN AND HE MAY LEARN TOO MUCH. IF HE CROSSES OUR LAND KILL HIM!

ALREADY BLACK X AND BATU, HIS HINDU SERVANT ARE SPEEDING OVER THE BORDER INTO BAJA, CALIFORNIA.

KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT ALONG THE HIGHWAY, BATU.

YES, MASTER. NOTHING WILL SLIP MY GAZE!

SUDDENLY AN OIL TRUCK LOOMS AHEAD OF THEM.

HEY, PEPE! MAYBE THAT'S BLACK X!

SI! OUR TANK IS EMPTY SO WE NOT AFRAID. CRASH INTO HIM!

BUT MITO TOLD US THAT BLACK X IS A CLEVER FIGHTER!

HA! LET HIM TRY TO FIGHT TEN TONS COMING AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR!

THE HUGE TRUCK SWERVES STRAIGHT TOWARD BLACK X'S CAR.

HANG ON... BATU! THIS LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK.

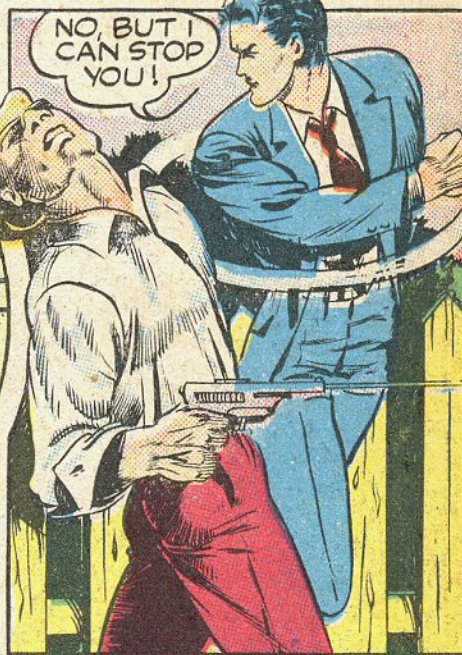
BEFORE THE ESPIONAGE AGENT CAN TURN OUT THERE IS A GRINDING CRASH AS THE OIL TRUCK HURLS THE SEDAN OFF THE ROAD.

MAYBE THAT WILL KEEP HIM AWAY FROM OUR LAND!

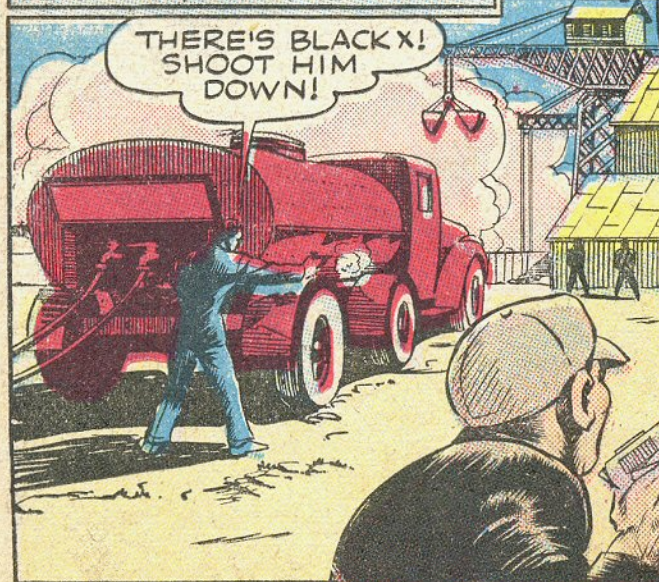
BUT THE FEARLESS PAIR CRAWLS FROM THE WRECK AND RUSHES TO THE COVER OF YUCCA TREES.

QUICK, MASTER! THOSE TRUCKMEN ARE FIRING ON US!

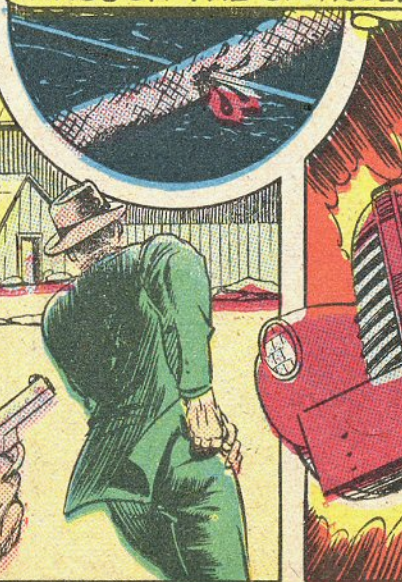
YES, BUT THEY NEED MORE TARGET PRACTICE!



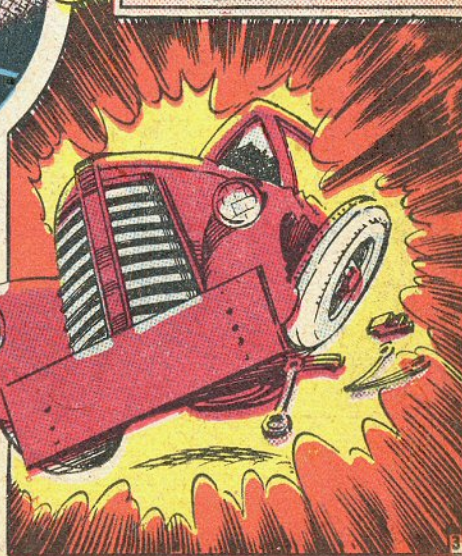
LEAVING THE GUARD SENSELESS THEY COME UPON ANOTHER OIL TRUCK FROM WHICH A HOSE FEEDS FUEL TO A PIPE LEADING INTO THE SEA CLIFFS.



WITH COOL AIM, BLACK X RETURNS THEIR FIRE AND SENDS A BULLET THROUGH THE OIL HOSE.



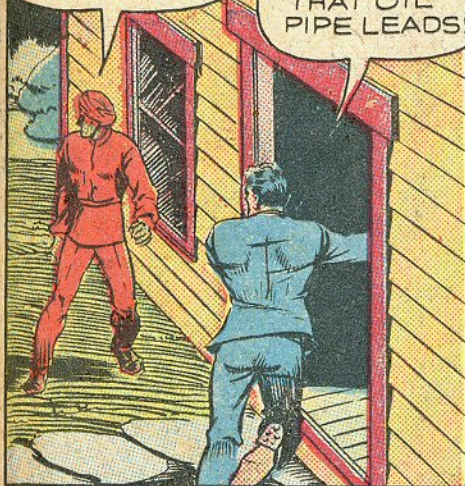
THE OIL FUMES ARE IGNITED BY A GUN FLASH. THE TRUCK IS THROWN UP BY A VIOLENT BLAST.



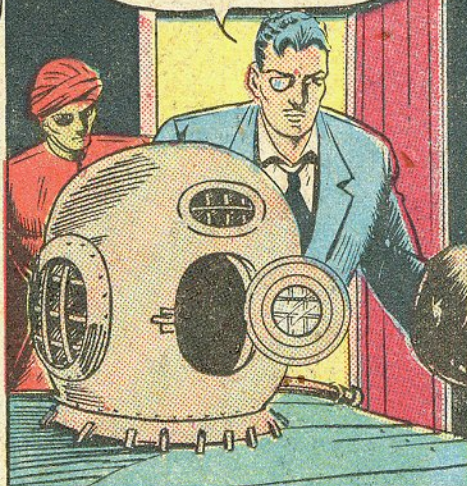
BLACK X AND BATU WITHSTAND THE SHOCK AND LEAP TOWARD A TOOL HOUSE.

INSIDE, MASTER. BEFORE MORE MEN COME?

RIGHT! WE MAY FIND WHERE THAT OIL PIPE LEADS?



THIS DIVING SUIT GIVES ME AN IDEA. HELP ME INTO IT, BATU. THEN I'LL GO DOWN ON THE PIER AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND ON THE BOTTOM.



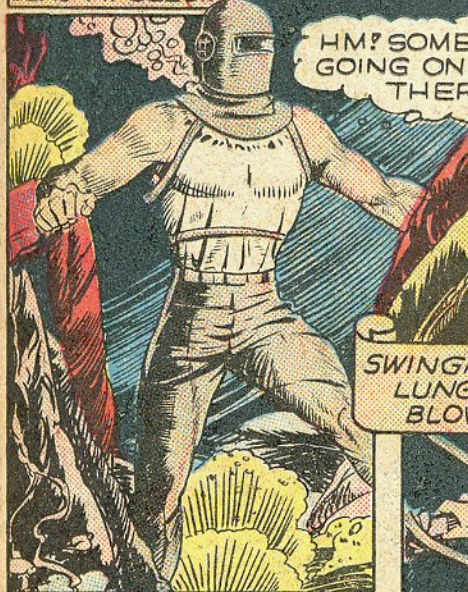
EQUIPPED WITH AN AIR TANK, THE SUIT OFFERS BLACK X COMPLETE FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT.

SHARKS.. HUMAN OR OTHERWISE MAY BE BELOW! I'LL BE READY FOR 'EM!

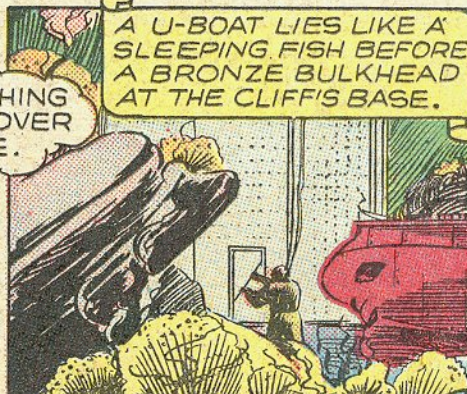


REACHING THE SEA FLOOR, BLACK X SEES..

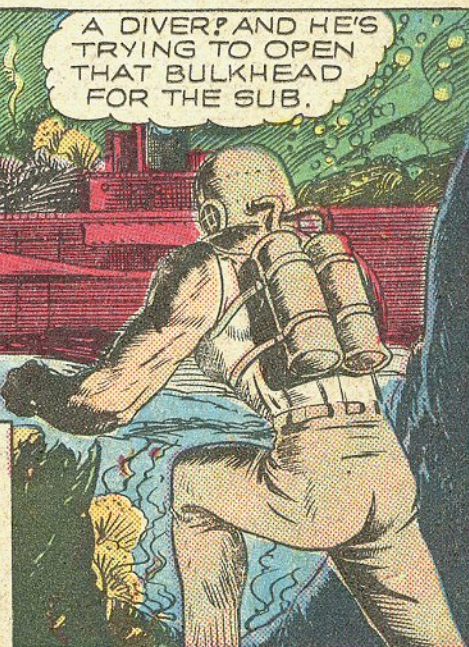
HM? SOMETHING GOING ON OVER THERE.



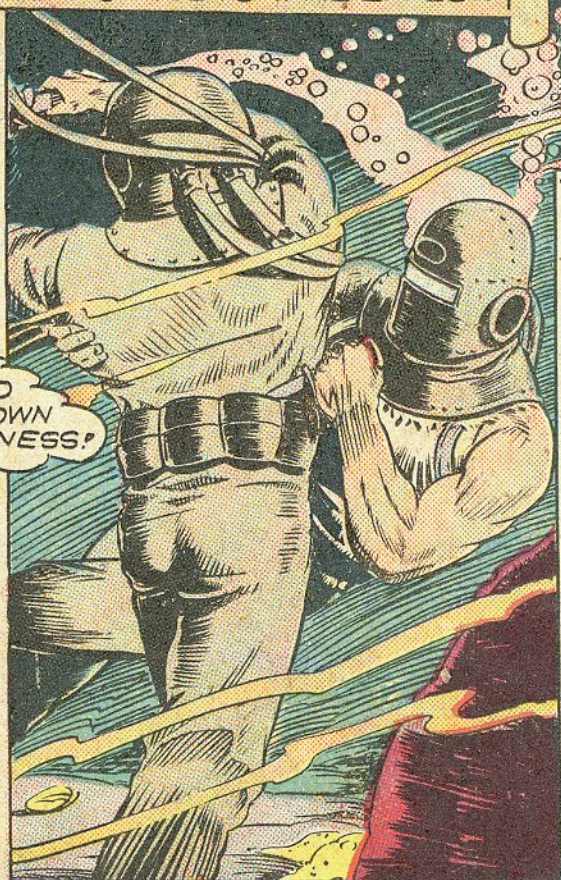
A U-BOAT LIES LIKE A SLEEPING FISH BEFORE A BRONZE BULKHEAD AT THE CLIFF'S BASE.



A DIVER? AND HE'S TRYING TO OPEN THAT BULKHEAD FOR THE SUB.



SWINGING HIS CROWBAR, THE MAN LUNGES AT BLACK X BUT HIS BLOWS FAIL TO TAKE EFFECT.



THE DIVER TURNS SLOWLY UNTIL HE SEES BLACK X.

THE U.S. AGENT? I'LL MAKE HIM WISH HE'D MINDED HIS OWN BUSINESS!



THROWING HIS OPPONENT OFF BALANCE, BLACK X DRAWS A KNIFE ACROSS HIS AIR HOSE.



THIS IS A HORRIBLE WAY TO STOP HIM BUT I HAVE NO CHOICE!

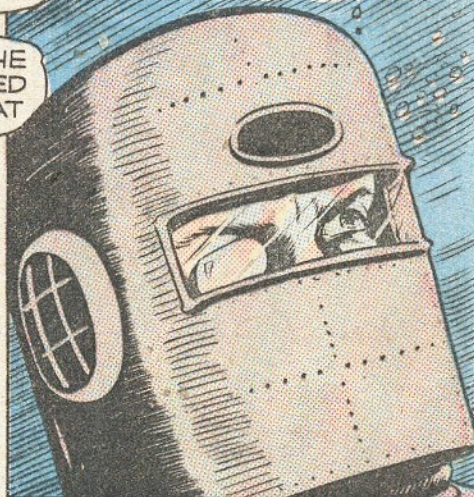
WHILE BLACK X GRASPS THE CROW-
BAR, HIS VICTIM MAKES A VAIN
ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

WATER?
I CAN'T
STOP IT..
GLUB..GLUB...

HERE, THE
TOOL I NEED
TO FIX THAT
SUB!



ONE MAN AGAINST
A U-BOAT.. GUESS
IT'S NEVER BEEN
DONE BEFORE, BUT
I'LL TRY ANYTHING
ONCE!



SHUFFLING ACROSS THE SLIMY
ROCKS, HE SLAMS THE IRON
BAR THROUGH THE THIN
STEEL PLATES.

IF THEY SUDDENLY
BLOW OFF THEIR
BALLAST, I'LL
BE A
GONER!



THE U-BOAT'S CAPTAIN TURNS
HIS PERISCOPE FRANTICALLY.

WHAT'S THAT POUNDING
ON OUR HULL? I CAN'T
SEE THE DIVER THEY
SENT DOWN TO OPEN
THE BULKHEAD.



SUDDENLY THE CHIEF ENGINEER
BURSTS IN.

HUH?
WHAT?

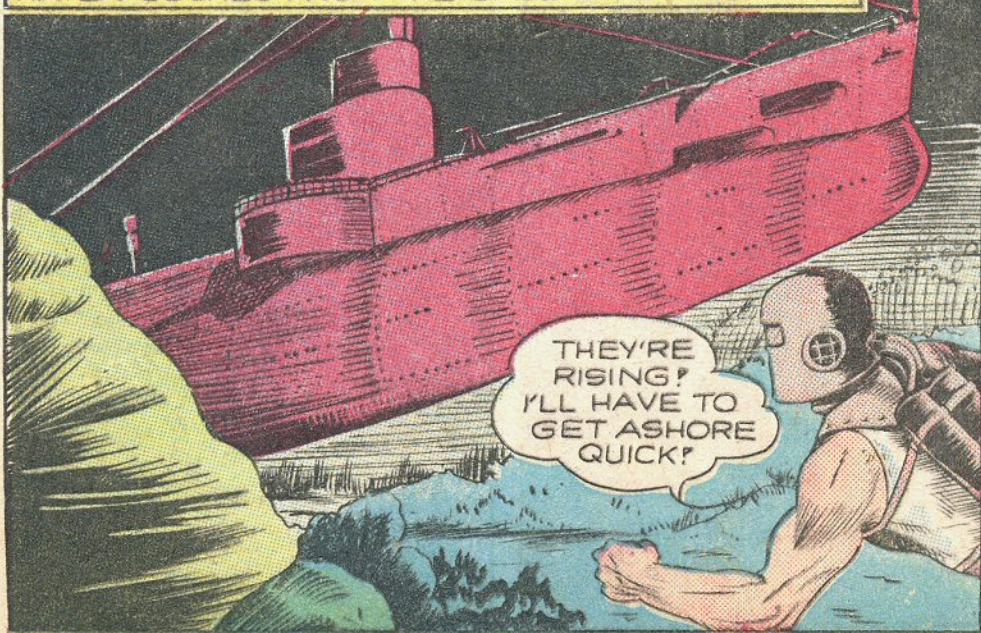
KAPITAN! WE'VE
SPRUNG SOME BAD
LEAKS.. WATER'S
POURING INTO
THE BATTERY
COMPARTMENT!



BLOW
OUR
BALLAST
AT ONCE..
BEFORE
SEA WATER
GENERATES
CHLORINE
GAS FROM
THE BAT-
TERIES!



BLACK X SCRAMBLES BACK AS THE FIRST BLAST OF
WATER GUSHES FROM THE BALLAST TANKS.



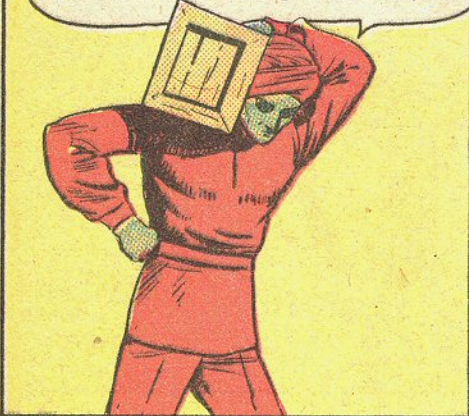
THEY'RE
RISING!
I'LL HAVE TO
GET ASHORE
QUICK!

THROUGH THE SWIRLING
GREEN HAZE, BLACK X
STRUGGLES BACK TO THE
PIER.



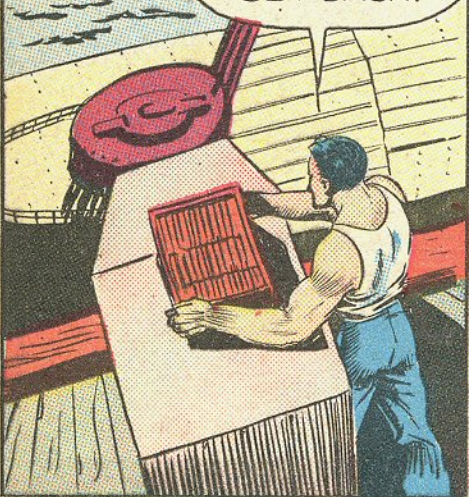
MEANWHILE, ABOVE THE CLIFF, BATU PREPARES FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

THIS CASE OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE WILL PROVE VALUABLE IF MY MASTER IS CAUGHT IN A DANGEROUS SITUATION.



IN A FEW SECONDS, BLACK X IS FREE.

THE CONNING TOWER IS OPENING, BATU. SO HERE GOES THE BIG BLAST. GET BACK!



THE U-BOAT BREAKS THE SURFACE, BUT BLACK X IS STILL BELOW.

WHEN HE APPEARS, I'LL LET THIS BOX SLIDE DOWN THE CHUTE.



DEATH CHUTES ITS WAY SWIFTLY TOWARD THE U-BOAT.

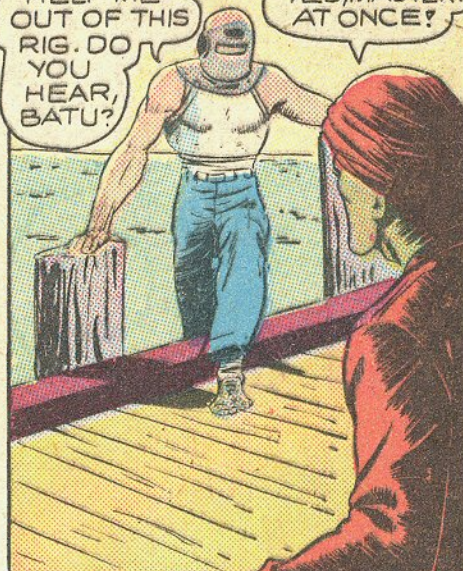
HIGH EXPLOSIVE! AND NO WAY TO STOP IT!



SUDDENLY, BLACK X RISES LIKE A MONSTER FROM THE DEPTHS

HELP ME OUT OF THIS RIG. DO YOU HEAR, BATU?

YES, MASTER. AT ONCE!



THE CASE KNOCKS THE CAPTAIN DOWN THE CONNING TOWER WITHIN A BREATHLESS SECOND.

LIE FLAT, BATU! IT WILL SURELY EXPLODE WHEN IT HITS BELOW!



A DULL ROAR MUFFLED BY THE U-BOAT'S HULL TEARS THE SHIP WIDE OPEN.



HURRY, BATU! WE MUST FIND A CAR AND RETURN TO SAN PEDRO. OUR NAVY WILL MOP UP THIS BASE!

TRUST ME, MASTER. I SPOTTED A FAST CAR UP YONDER!



BY THE TIME WORD IS RECEIVED FROM THE NAVY THAT THE U-BOAT SUPPLY BASE IS IN RUINS, BLACK X HAS REACHED HIS FAVORITE CAFE IN WASHINGTON.

THE NAVY WANTS TO "BORROW" YOUR SERVICES AGAIN, BLACK X. THEY WERE AMAZED BY YOUR QUICK WORK?

BUT, COLONEL ATWATER, THAT WAS JUST A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT FOR ME!



BOZO ROBOT

THE

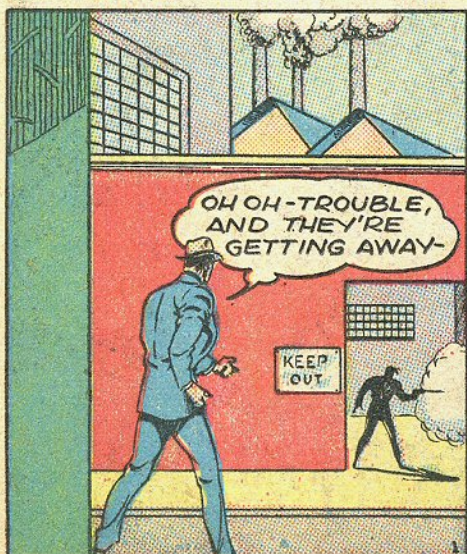
by

WAYNE REID.



FROM INSIDE
HIS INDESTRUCTIBLE
IRON MAN,
HUGH HAZZARD
BATTLES
CRIME IN ALL
ITS PHASES -
NO CRIME
IS TOO BIG
OR TOO SMALL
WHEN JUSTICE
CALLS THIS
POWERFUL
AIDE.....

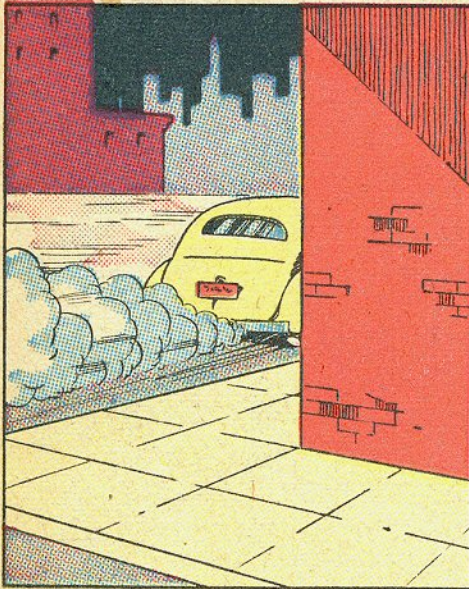
FATE BRINGS HUGH HAZZARD,
OWNER OF THE FAMOUS IRON
MAN TO THE SCENE OF A
DEFENSE PLANT HOLD-UP.



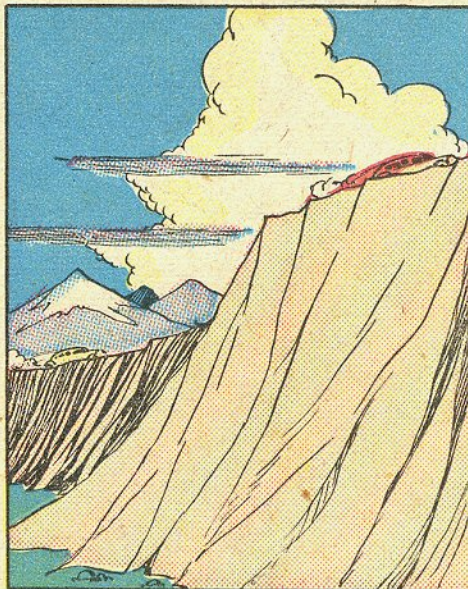
HUGH LEAVES THE SCENE
AND RACES TOWARD HIS
CAR----



AND SECONDS LATER SPEEDS
IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS THE
FLEEING SPIES.....

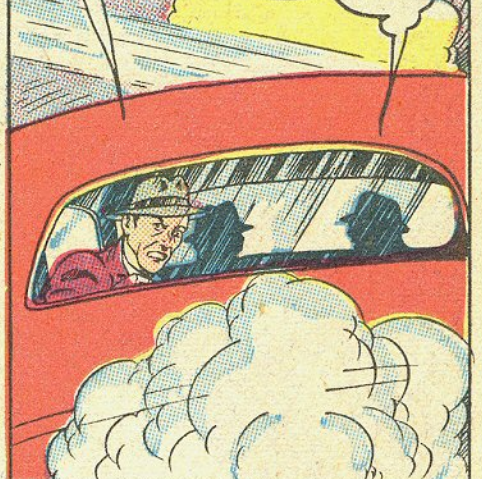


HE SOON SPOTS HIS PREY-

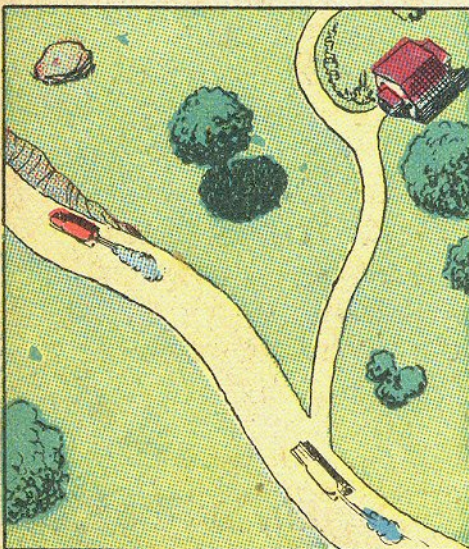


ERIC! -
WE'RE BEING
FOLLOWED!!

THE FOOL -
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM - MAKE
FOR THE HIDE-
OUT!



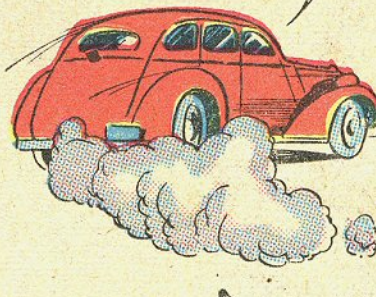
FASTER AND FASTER THE
TWO CARS HEAD FOR THE
OPEN COUNTRY----



SOON THE SPIES APPROACH
THEIR HIDDEN HEADQUARTERS..

WE BETTER
SLOW DOWN,
ERIC!

NO, NOT
UNTIL WE
ROUND THE
BEND--

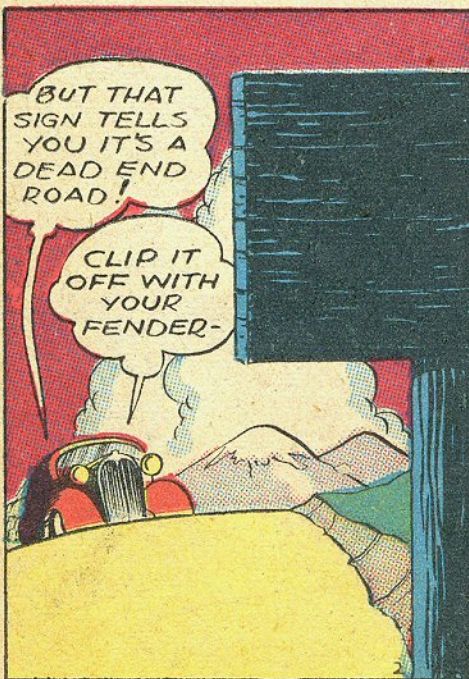


I WANT THE
FOOL TO GO OVER
THE SIDE OF
THE CLIFF...

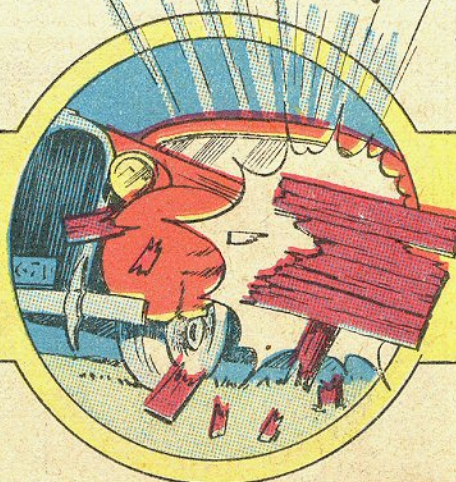


BUT THAT
SIGN TELLS
YOU IT'S A
DEAD END
ROAD!

CLIP IT
OFF WITH
YOUR
FENDER-



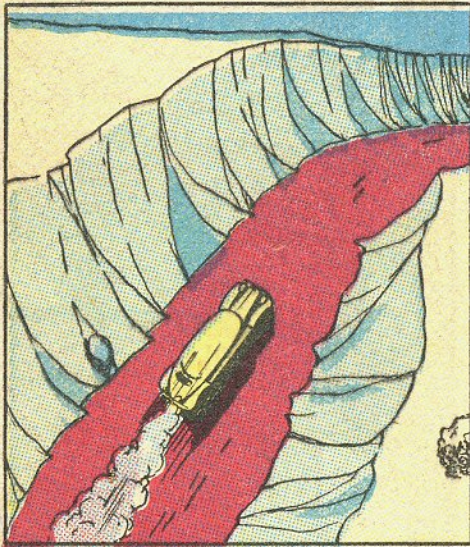
SMASH!



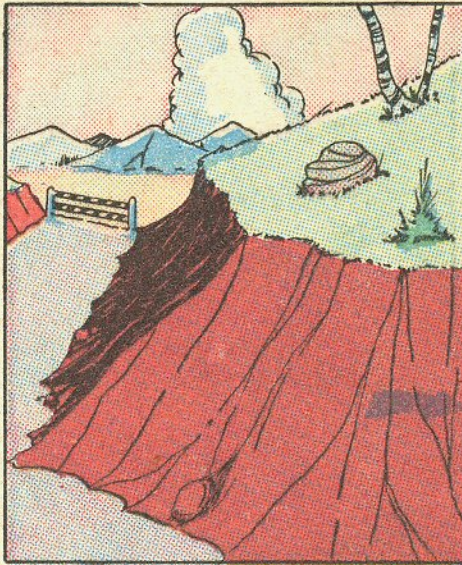
NOW PULL INTO
THAT DECESS AN' WE'LL
WATCH THE CARS
ROLL BY- HAHHAH!!



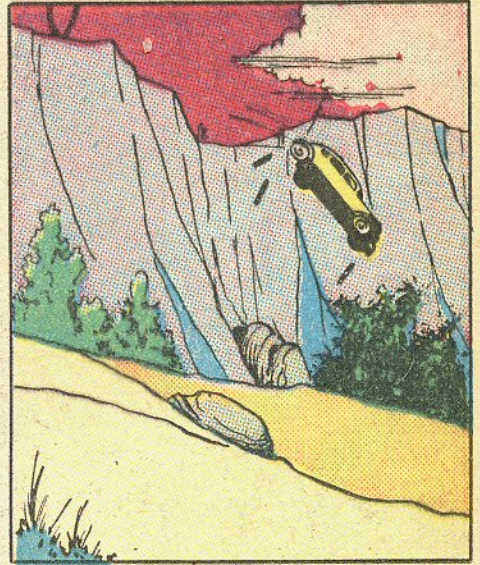
UNMINDFUL THAT DEATH
LURKS AROUND THE BEND,
HUGH URGES HIS CAR TO
GREATER SPEED.....



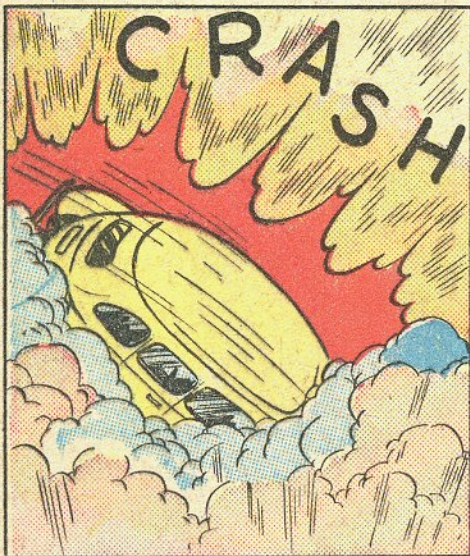
WITH THE WARNING SIGN
GONE, HE DOESN'T KNOW
THAT THE ROAD ENDS AT
THE CLIFF-----



AND SUDDENLY HUGH
FINDS HIMSELF HURLING
INTO SPACE.....



CRASHING AT THE
BASE OF THE CLIFF..



THAT TAKES
CARE OF THAT
NOSEY FOOL!

ERIC!!
LOOK!!

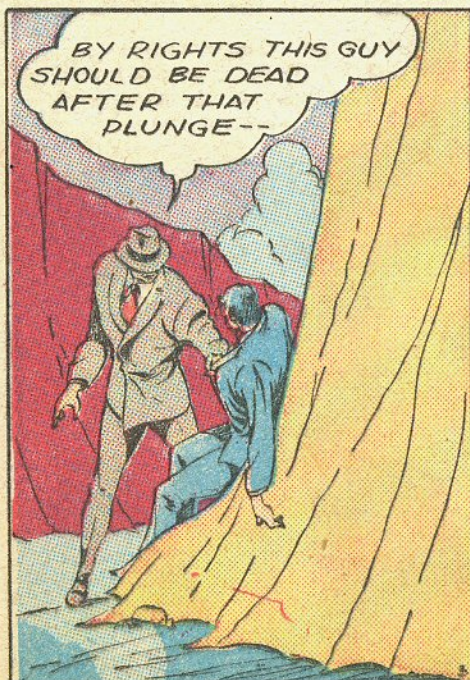


HE'S COMING OUT OF
THE WRECK--H-HE'S
NOT DEAD!

HE WILL BE--
GET HIM!!



BY RIGHTS THIS GUY
SHOULD BE DEAD
AFTER THAT
PLUNGE--



INSIDE THEIR CAVE HIDE-
OUT THE SPY-GANG MAKE
READY FOR A QUICK ESCAPE--

WE'RE READY
TO GO, ERIC!

GOOD--NOW
TO TAKE CARE
OF THAT
FOOL--



WELL MY NOSEY
FRIEND, WE ARE
LEAVING--BUT YOU
STAY--



TO BE ENTOMBED IN THIS CAVE - A LIVING MONUMENT TO OUR GREATEST SUCCESS - OBTAINING THOSE INVALUABLE GAS FILTERS FOR THE HOMELAND--



SHOCKED AND DAZED FROM THE PLUNGE, HUGH DOES NOT REALIZE HIS PREDICAMENT AND DOES NOT FIGHT BACK--

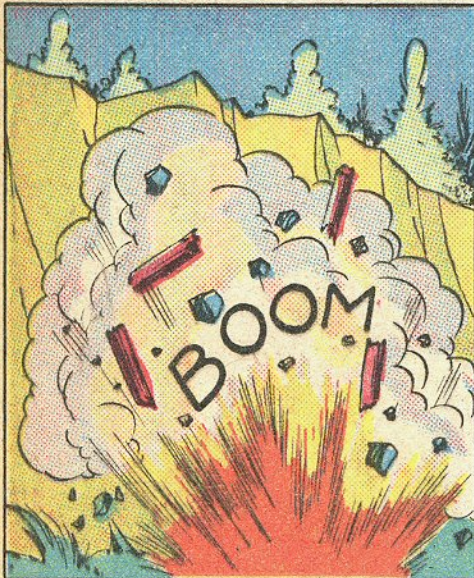


HE IS TOO DAZED TO UNDERSTAND AND WE CANNOT WASTE TIME - IS EVERYTHING SET TO CLOSE THIS CAVE?

YES--



WITH EVERYONE OUT OF THE CAVE BUT HUGH, A TERRIFIC BLAST SPLITS THE AIR---



AND TONS OF DIRT AND STONE RUMBLE DOWN TO CLOSE THE MOUTH-----



HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD IDENTIFY US AND HE IS GONE, SO WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR-- LET'S GO!



AND INSIDE THE CAVE, THE SECOND SHOCK BRINGS HUGH TO HIS SENSES-----



W-WHERE AM I??

I KNOW-- THOSE SPIES --AND THEY'VE BURIED ME ALIVE -BUT I'M NOT LICKED YET!!



TEARING THE CONTROL BOARD FROM BENEATH HIS LAPEL, HUGH SUMMONS BOZO TO HIS AID---

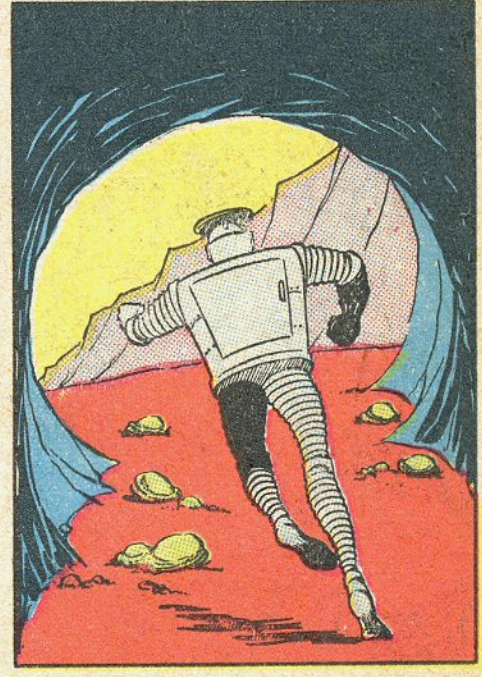
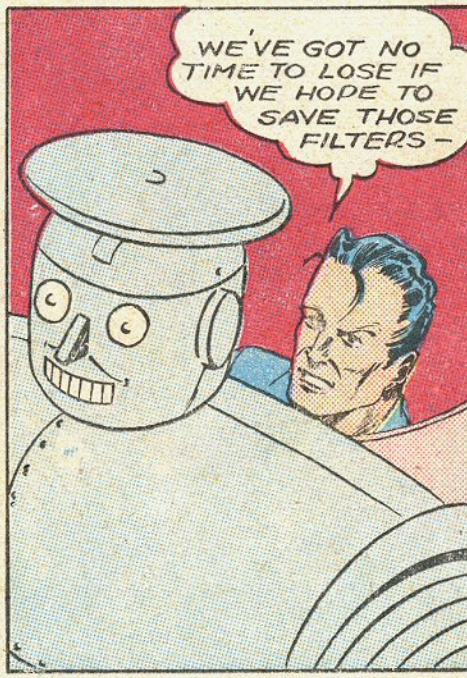
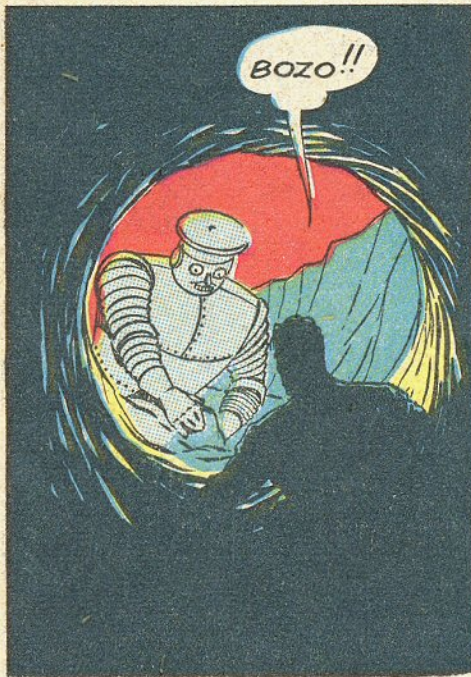
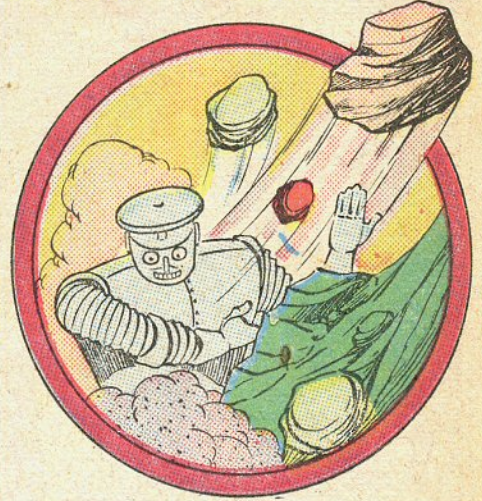
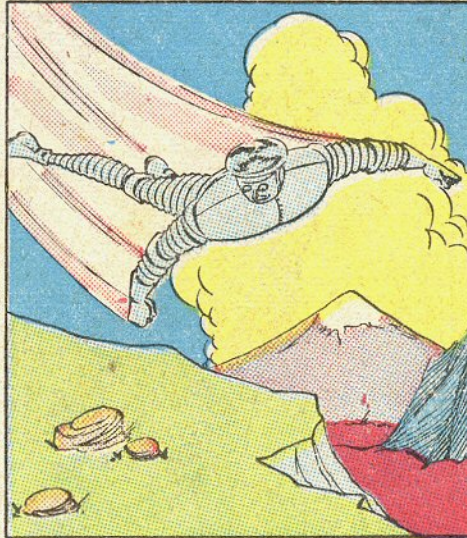
HURRY, BOZO - HURRY !!



INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE BECAUSE OF ITS GREAT SPEED, BOZO STREAKS TO HUGH'S AID.....

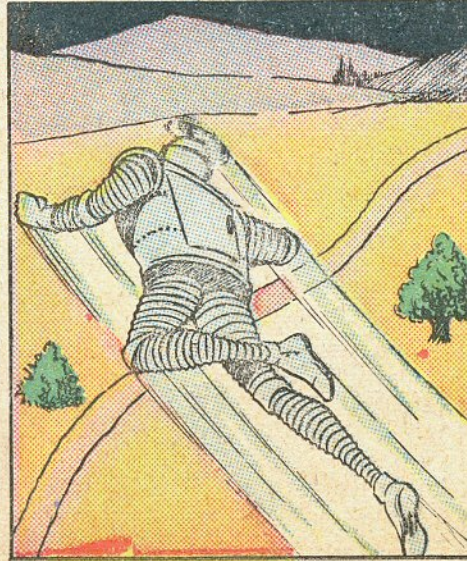
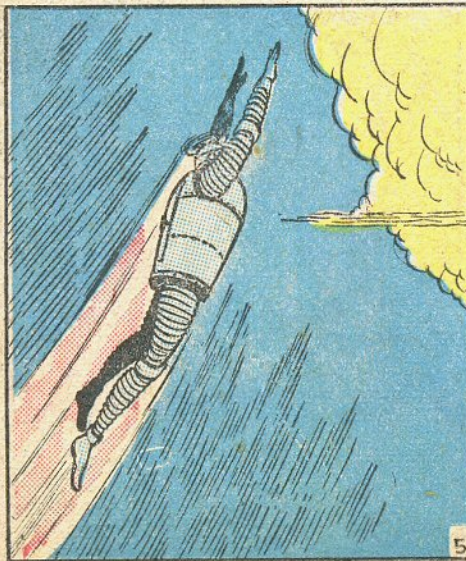
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE IRON MAN APPROACHES THE SPOT WHERE HUGH IS BURIED.....

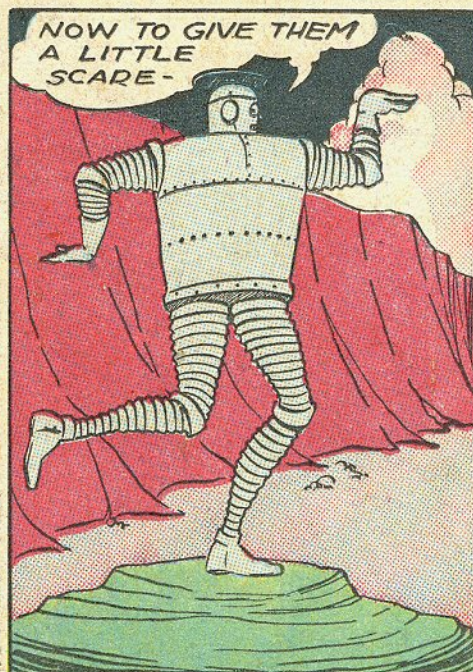
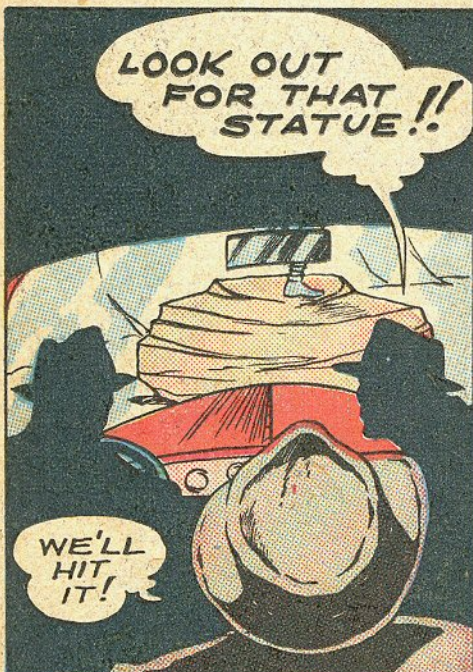
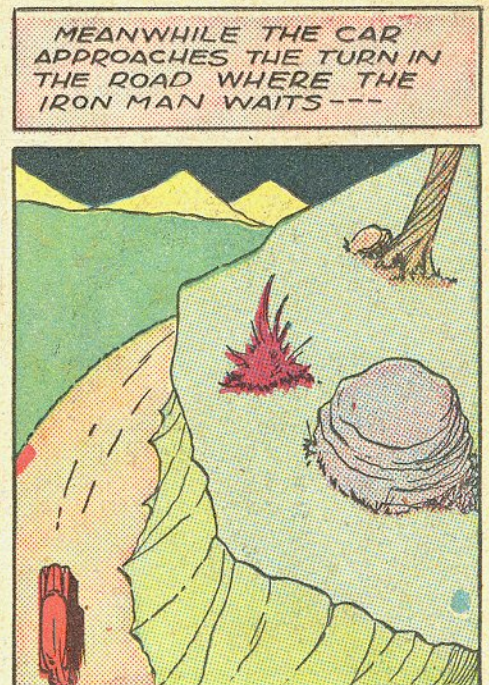
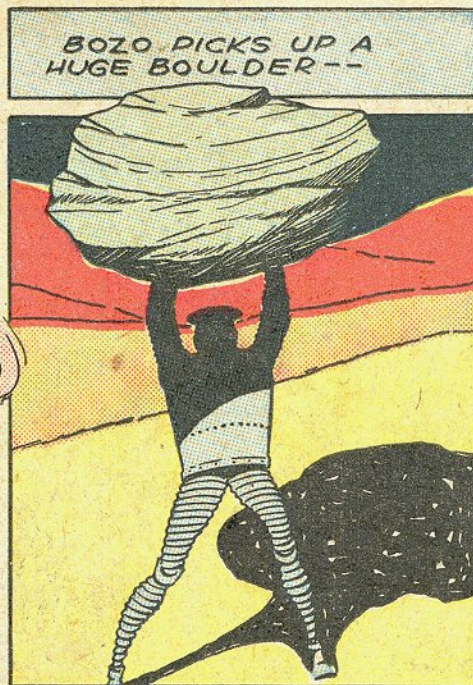
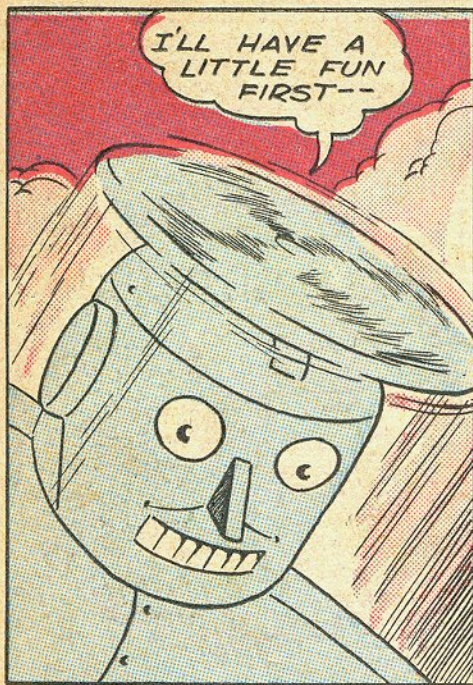
AND DIRT AND BOULDERS FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS UNDER THE MIGHTY HAND OF THE ROBOT----



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP THE ROBOT SHOOTS HIGH IN THE SKY---

SCANNING THE RIBBON-LIKE ROADS FOR A TRACE OF THE CAR---

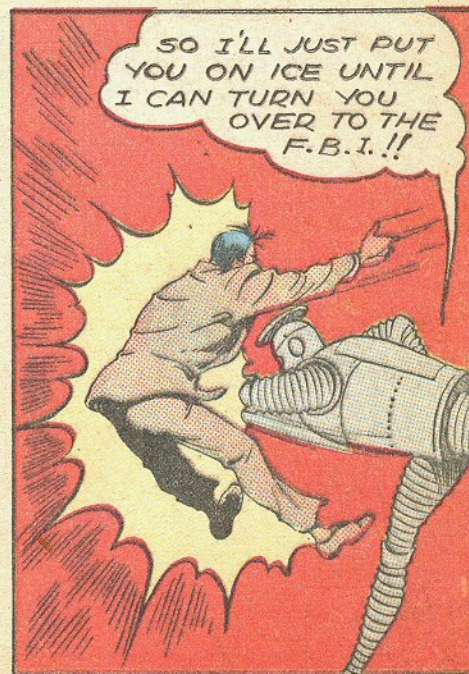
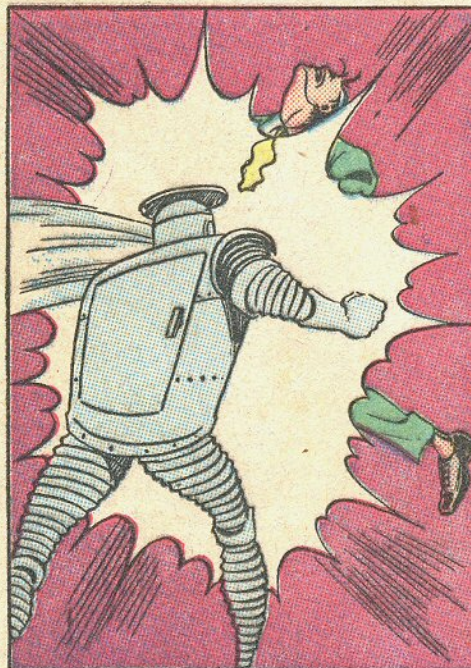
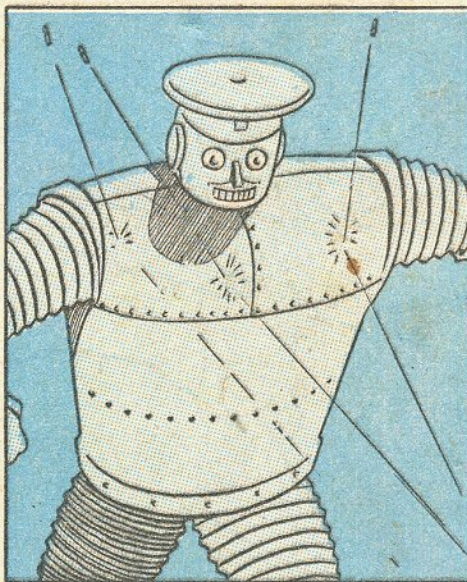




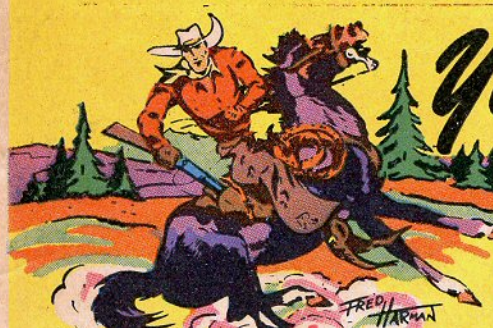
AND BOZO WADES IN---



THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF
HARMLESSLY FROM THE
FIGHTING MASS OF METAL--



Follow Bozo The Robot in the February issue of SMASH COMICS.



Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!



DAISY SINGLE SHOT
—holds only 1 shot at a time. Lever action.



NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER
—All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater.



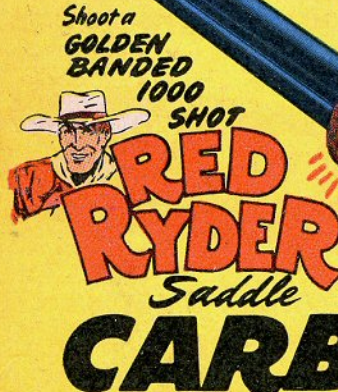
LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.



BUCK JONES SPECIAL—60-shot pump repeater in Outdoor Style. Full-floating type Compass inlaid in stock beside accurate Sundial brand.



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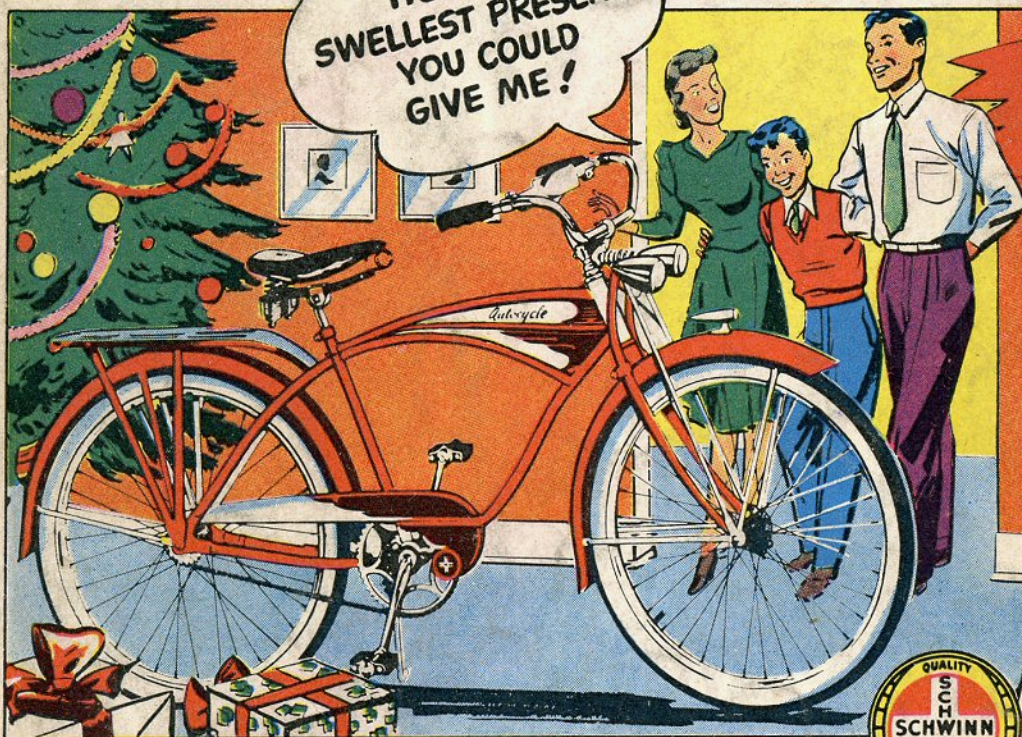
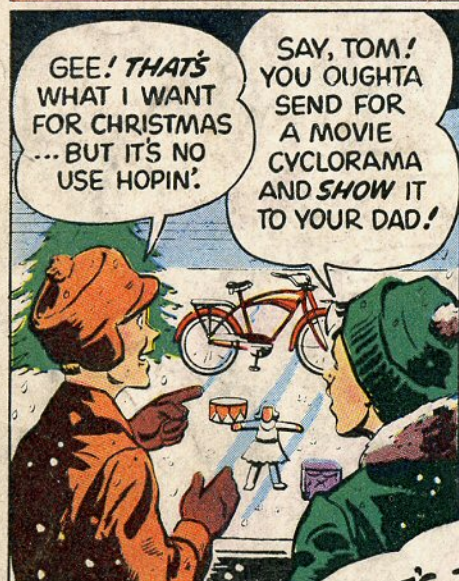
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